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# The Listener

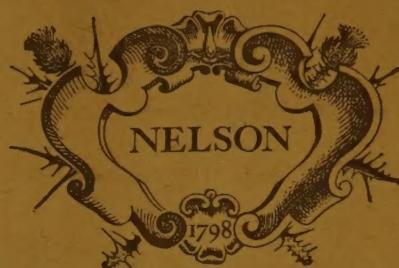
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Vol. LI. No. 1306

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## CONTENTS

### THE WORLD TODAY:

French Thoughts on the Berlin Conference (Raymond Aron) ...	407
McCarthyism: a Cause of Anxiety in Europe (Vernon Bartlett) ...	409
Will the New Atomic Strategy Prevent War? (Donald McLachlan) ...	410
Tradition and Experiment in Asia—III (Cyril Philips) ...	416
The Indian Way of Thought (John Seymour) ...	425

### THE LISTENER:

How to be an Author ...	412
What They Are Saying (foreign broadcasts) ...	412

### WHAT THEY ARE SAYING:

National Register of Archives (Laurence Dopson) ...	413
Where East Meets West (Lawson Steni) ...	413
Witch Bottles (Ralph Mernifield) ...	414
Unwanted Companion on Athos (Paul Usher) ...	414

### EDUCATION:

Life in a Chinese University (Lena Clague) ...	415
--	-----

### ARCHITECTURE:

'Venice Preserv'd' (J. M. Richards) ...	419
---	-----

### POEMS:

The Poet's Farewell to his Muse (Charles Causley) ...	420
Superstition (Richard Church) ...	423

### MUSIC:

The Music of Sir Edward Elgar (Ernest Newman) ...	421
Herbert Murrill (Alan Frank) ...	453

### AUTOBIOGRAPHY:

I Remember—III. Friendships at Cambridge (Gilbert Murray, O.M.)	422
---	-----

### SCIENCE:

The Big Machines of Modern Physics—II (P. M. S. Blackett) ...	424
---	-----

### TRAVEL:

Assassin's Corner (Anthony Rhodes) ...	427
--	-----

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:

From John North, C. E. Jeremy, J. E. H. Ketteridge, Professor H. C. Bouquet, C. Hadland, W. H. Cazaly, Herbert Byard, and Mosco Carner ...	429
--	-----

### NEWS DIARY AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK

...	430
-----	-----

### CRITIC ON THE HEARTH:

Television Documentary (Reginald Pound) ...	450
---	-----

Television Drama (Philip Hope-Wallace) ...	450
--	-----

Sound Drama (J. C. Trewin) ...	451
--------------------------------	-----

The Spoken Word (Martin Armstrong) ...	452
--	-----

Music (Dyneley Hussey) ...	452
----------------------------	-----

### FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

...	455
-----	-----

### NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

...	455
-----	-----

### CROSSWORD NO. 1,245

...	455
-----	-----

### Spring Books

433

Reviews by Professor Anthony Blunt, Dr. David Thomson, E. M. Forster, E. A. R. Ennion, Leonard Woolf, B. W. Robinson, Roger Fulford, George D. Painter, Bertrand de Jouvenal, Kenneth Little, Roy Fuller, Rose Macaulay, Sir Maurice Bowra, and Ronald Bryden

## French Thoughts on the Berlin Conference

By RAYMOND ARON

**I**T seems to be difficult to analyse the French reaction to the Berlin Conference because it is not sure there is any. To confirm this proposition, let us remember what really did happen in Berlin. Everybody will argue that the Berlin Conference has been a failure. But was this failure a success of the west or of the east? Who did achieve his aim? The Western Ministers or Mr. Molotov?

The only chance to answer honestly this question is to ask first what the aims were, on both sides. The three Western Ministers had one common objective: to find out if the Russian Government under Mr. Malenkov was more willing to compromise with the west on the unity of Germany than the same government under Mr. Stalin. The Ministers themselves were almost convinced that the terms under which Moscow would be ready to agree to German unity could not be accepted by the west. But they thought the new tentative was inevitable and necessary; inevitable after the famous speech of Sir Winston and the new look in Soviet Russia, desirable to convince what I could call the European opposition that there was no alternative to the official policy of Nato and German rearmament.

The first objective was attained without much fuss and without any doubt. It was clear to all diplomats that Mr. Molotov would have refused free elections in eastern Germany even if the Western

Ministers had accepted some form of neutrality for Germany after reunification. The second objective was not completely achieved; the left wing of British Labour, the French neutralists, the German socialists, will go on alleging that the west has refused any concession and the proof that any agreed solution on Germany is impossible has not been given.

On the other side, Mr. Molotov was eager to demonstrate to the world the changes brought about by the Malenkov regime. He was not willing to evacuate Austria or the eastern zone of Germany but he wished to convey to the statesmen and public at large the impression of his peaceful intentions and real desire to negotiate. In this effort, he failed even more than the Western Ministers in their own effort to convince their opponents. By making all possible concessions on the Austrian treaty, the western representatives cornered Mr. Molotov, who was obliged to refuse the departure of Russian troops from Austria for no other motive than a purely military one.

Where the objectives of the two camps were contradictory neither one gained clearly the upper hand. There was agreement on one point and one point only: the Asian conference in Geneva. The cause of the agreement, which was a success for nobody, is clear: in that particular instance, two Ministers, perhaps three, had the same aim. M. Bidault wanted to bring back to France some

hope of peace in Indo-China, in order to appease his critics. Mr. Molotov wanted to give to the Chinese Government a small beginning of recognition. Mr. Eden had no objection to the projected conference, and Mr. Dulles, unable and unwilling to agree to a five-power conference, could not but agree to a meeting on Korea and Indo-China. Otherwise he would have been accused by the French of preventing an armistice in Indo-China in spite of having signed an armistice in Korea.

#### Why the Communists Want No Change in Germany

If this short analysis is correct, nobody has won, nobody has lost, and the situation today is just the same as it was before the Berlin conference. I would even go further and say that the situation in Europe is fundamentally the same for many years. The Russian army occupies half of Europe and the men in the Kremlin are firmly resolved to retain what they have conquered. This simple and decisive fact has been misunderstood by many politicians and commentators who thought that a deal—free elections against neutrality—was attractive to the communists. This deal is not and cannot be attractive to them for many reasons. The best guarantee against the resurgence of German might is the sovietisation of 18,000,000 Germans, who are hostages. A united Germany would be normally anti-Russian out of fear of the communist empire, in protest against the Oder-Neisse line. Free elections in eastern Germany, lost by the communists, would deal a terrible blow to the prestige of a movement which pretends to incarnate the future and to be sure of ultimate victory. Any Russian retreat in Europe would have consequences even greater morally than in material terms. A revolution must always advance or perish.

The refusal of many famous commentators to realise the value of eastern Germany to the communist world, their inability to grasp the link between eastern Germany and the forward positions of the communist empire in Czechoslovakia and Hungary, the illusion that the west Germans would negotiate with the eastern Germans or with the Russians has struck me for years as surprising, almost incredible. Now, at last, the fact is recognised if not understood. For the time being, the Soviet Government is firmly resolved to maintain the European *status quo* without risking a general war, without retreating.

Stalin's heirs speak each day of releasing the tension and, in my view, they are sincere. They desire a breathing space to consolidate their rule, to improve the conditions of the Russian people. At the same time, they probably think that the best way to provoke the disintegration of the western alliance is to reduce the pressure on the western world, to diffuse the feeling of security. Stalin's aggressive policy did in fact create the great alliance. Malenkov's smiles and soothing words could perhaps undo what had been done by the threats and invectives of his predecessor.

The method has changed, but not the aim. In this new phase, Mr. Molotov still wants to push America out of Europe and to extend the Russian sphere of influence to the Atlantic coast. The so-called security plan proposed in Berlin meant a Russian Europe, a Europe unified after the expulsion of American influence and under Russian control. Europe to the Europeans—that is, to the Russians—was the motto of Moscow's ultimate objective, just as releasing the tension without retreating is their minimum programme.

The Western Powers in Berlin were morally strong but politically weak. Their demand for free elections was fully justified, but what could they offer to the Russians which would induce them to consent? The answer is quite simple: nothing. I doubt very much whether the Russians would have been inclined to pay a good price even if the Western Ministers had agreed to scuttle the European army. But the ministers were not able to sell the European army, for the simple reason that they did not possess it: everybody, Mr. Molotov included, knew that the ratification of the Paris Treaty was still uncertain.

It is to be feared that the position of the Western Powers will

not improve very much from Berlin to Geneva. The French Government, the French people, feel a legitimate longing to bring the Indo-China war to an end. But when so many deputies proclaim 'We cannot ratify the European army as long as the war is going on', they are giving the Russian diplomats one more reason not to agree to an armistice. In other terms, two methods are conceivable: either to have a deal with the Russians, linking Indo-China with German rearmament, or to refuse any link between Asia and Europe and to go on with European integration. But the method which has been chosen, to refuse the link but to suggest that the armistice in Indo-China is a condition of the ratification, is logically the best way to fail in both places. Why should the Russians favour an armistice which would encourage the French to ratify the European army?

But you will probably ask, has the Berlin Conference not cleared the air? Have the aims of the Russians not become plainer to European opinion? Has the brilliant role played by M. Bidault in Berlin not given to the French Minister an increased prestige? Yes and no. Certainly, French opinion was flattered by the comments of the foreign press. The friends of M. Bidault are very enthusiastic, but the opponents see in the American and British tributes a proof that M. Bidault has not followed an independent diplomacy. Our Minister has become very popular in Germany, but perhaps not so in the Palais Bourbon. It may be that German opinion has been enlightened. For the French, I think that the numerous shades of opinion which existed two months ago are still there today. If Mr. Bevan has not changed his mind, why should Herr Ollenhauer in Germany and M. Daladier or General de Gaulle in France change their own? The reason for doing nothing, or, if you prefer, the arguments against any single course of action remain now what they were. We may think that we ought to act in spite of these objections, but the present situation in Europe is such that the risk of any move like German rearmament gives a case, perhaps not a good one, but still a case, to those numerous Europeans who, without being in the least communists, agree with Moscow in wishing or consenting to leave things in Europe as they are—Europe divided, Germany divided, Berlin divided—and to wait and hope for the best.—*Third Programme*

In his new book *A Hundred Years of War* (Duckworth, 30s.) Captain Cyril Falls sets himself a task, the purpose of which military historians will approve while realising—as the author does—its great difficulties. He tells us that his 'aim is, in short, to show how the wars of the century were fought' and, in particular, to redress the balance between the study of strategy and tactics normally weighted in favour of the former: while strategy is concerned with the preparation and broad conduct of war, tactics deal with the art of fighting and, despite the contortions of authors who will go to any lengths to find the secret elsewhere, it is on the battlefield that wars are won. Captain Falls knows that this form of realism, *viz.* the study of tactics, and readability do not often go together. He himself achieves readability, but often by forsaking realism; and where he sticks rigidly to his task his story sometimes becomes a catalogue. The fact is that tactics are not a fit subject for a general book of this kind. Despite this the book displays a breadth of reading and a knowledge of the details of warfare which make it a valuable addition to the literature of modern military history. The sections on the German Army are particularly good. They show quite clearly that German successes in the field in the wars of the past century have been won by qualities of leadership, systematic staff training which has enabled subordinate commanders to exercise the independence demanded by enormously increased areas of fighting, and a willingness, particularly in tactical matters, to learn from past mistakes. Too much insistence, in recent years, on the political mistakes of the German Army has tended to obscure its magnificent record as a fighting machine. The chapters on 'small wars' and 'partisan' war are equally valuable. The first part of the former, especially, shows Captain Falls at his best in reducing a mass of detail to a simple yet convincing whole. Only serious sins of omission should be mentioned in a study which covers so much ground. In fact there are very few of these, but there are two important ones, both dealing with naval history. Mahan's work was 'of almost incredible potency'—as the history both of Germany and of the United States of America proves—and for that reason it deserves some description. Secondly, naval warfare in the Pacific, 1941-45 was mainly notable for the use of aircraft-carriers, and the use of aircraft-carriers offers an admirable subject for tactical study which Captain Falls does not fully make use of.

# McCarthyism: a Cause of Anxiety in Europe

By VERNON BARTLETT

**H**OW much of a nationalist are you? This fever of nationalism has spread through the world since the last war as the epidemic called Spanish 'flu spread after the first world war. In Africa, Asia, and elsewhere it induces people to do things that are obviously against their own economic interests. They want to govern themselves, even if they go broke in the process, and we are apt to think they are being rather absurd. But are we not also apt to forget the extent to which even those of us whose countries have been independent for generations or for centuries still have very tender national susceptibilities? For example, I probably curse the British climate as much as anybody, but I can never avoid a feeling of irritation if some foreigner criticises it, even though our climate is one thing about our country for which we can scarcely be held responsible—except, of course, for the 'smog' part of it.

I remind you of all this because I am going to discuss Senator McCarthy. There is a good deal to be said for not interfering in the affairs of other people, since criticism from foreigners often strengthens the people who are being criticised. But it is by now impossible for any citizen in any country that belongs to the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation to consider himself a foreigner in this affair of Senator McCarthy. For example, it is painfully obvious that the communists in all the countries of western Europe are making very effective use of the fact that the Americans are now following a path which may lead to the same kind of contempt for the rights and freedoms of the individual as the Russians have shown ever since the Bolshevik revolution. There is an immense difference of degree, since criticism is still possible in the United States and it is not possible in the Soviet Union. But there can be no doubt that Senator McCarthy's behaviour is the reason, or the excuse, for much of the opposition in France and Italy to the ratification of the European Defence Community treaty: a Nazi United States would not be a very useful defence against the revival of the Nazi movement in Germany. *The Spectator*, *The Times*, and *The Economist* can scarcely be accused of being pro-communist, but they are only three of the many responsible British newspapers that have expressed their alarm in the last few days about the way things are going in the United States where, to quote from *The Spectator*, many leading Americans are 'just sitting still like rabbits in the headlights'.

I have often argued with Germans about Hitler. 'What could we do', they have protested, 'against his machine guns and his secret police?' And I have had to admit that, once Hitler was installed as Chancellor, they could do nothing effective. Thousands of them did protest in one way or another, and were sent off to concentration camps, and yet that did not check the evils of the regime. But their weakness, their crime, surely lay in their failure to do more to prevent him from getting into power in the first place. It is useless to pretend that the United States does not now face a rather similar danger, and it is important that we should try to understand how things have come to this ugly pass; the

more clearly we do understand, the less likely we are to say those things which inflame American nationalism rather than encourage those Americans who are fighting against this danger.

So, in the first place, do not let us for one moment forget that a great many Americans, even in McCarthy's own party, are fighting against him. *The New York Herald Tribune*, for example, is a Republican newspaper, but it does not hesitate to remind its readers

that McCarthy 'grows strong on the retreats and appeasements of others'. *The New York Times* calls the failure of the Army Secretary to defend his own generals 'a domestic Munich'. Other newspapers—mainly, of course, those supporting the Democratic party—are still more outspoken, and in the last few days have criticised the President himself. Mr. Adlai Stevenson, the Democratic candidate in the last presidential elections, has blamed him for 'the bitter harvest of the seed of slander, defamation, and disunion planted in the soil of democracy'.

But despite protests of this sort, McCarthy has not yet been checked in this campaign of slander and defamation. Does this mean that most Americans agree with him? I do not think so. The discovery that there are, or have been, a few communists in high positions in the Administration has certainly acquired an exaggerated importance in a country where people are anyhow inclined to exaggeration. But the system which enables these congressional committees to cross-question people of every kind without fear of libel actions is in itself part of a sound democratic system. It has often enabled members of Congress to uncover scandals and injustices in the past. The trouble is that people are bewildered because McCarthy has been clever enough to use this system to spread scandals and injustices instead of checking them, because he has

been more energetic than other Congressmen in attending committees and cross-examining witnesses. We have much the same kind of difficulty about committee meetings in some of our own trade unions: the ordinary, moderate members do not trouble to attend and the extremists therefore get themselves elected to positions of control. But we do not condemn the system of elections on that account.

In another respect, the American constitution makes it fairly easy for anybody to misuse the democratic machine in order to undermine and destroy democracy. The so-called system of checks and balances, designed by the men who drafted the constitution in order to prevent a President from becoming a dictator, nearly always brings the President and Congress into conflict. President Roosevelt dominated Congress; now Congress tends to dominate the President. The Republicans fear they may lose their very small majority when all members of the House of Representatives come up for re-election next November; the party bosses believe they are almost certain to lose it if the President splits the party right open by denouncing a man with so considerable a following as McCarthy. And President Eisenhower is above all a man who likes to conciliate, to smooth over differences, to patch up quarrels: that was one of the main reasons for his success in commanding troops of so many different nations during the



Senator McCarthy in action before a Senate committee

war. Having been dragged into politics against his will, it obviously is not easy for him deliberately to risk the destruction of the party that got him there.

It is not only the President who has shown weakness; Congress rather enjoys its present power to harass the Executive, and only one Senator, a Democrat, had the courage to vote against granting the money for the McCarthy investigation committee to continue its destructive task. And yet, if Senator McCarthy is allowed to continue, the machinery of government must break down. Think how it would be in this country if a parliamentary committee, controlled by a man like the Senator, could claim the right, against the wish of the Government, to summon any member of the Civil Service and to make the wildest accusations in front of B.B.C. microphones and television cameras about his political affiliations or inclinations. That is what is happening in the

United States today, and the Civil Service is becoming utterly demoralised in consequence.

I imagine that historians will put this present phase of American history on much the same inglorious level as our own phase of appeasement before the war. It would be silly to pretend that what is happening in the United States is not a matter to cause anxiety to us all. But, just as our own phase of appeasement did not last, I doubt if the American phase of McCarthyism is likely to last, unless some new crisis in the international situation renders still more acute the hysteria that has given the Senator from Wisconsin so much power. I would like to end with another quotation from *The Spectator*. 'To be pro-American and to be anti-McCarthy are the same things. To despair about getting rid of McCarthy is to despair about America, which is, in turn, to despair about the world'.—*Home Service*

# Will the New Atomic Strategy Prevent War?

DONALD McLACHLAN answers Sir John Slessor

**I**T is a terribly tempting idea that Sir John Slessor has put before us in his exposition of the new atomic strategy.\* He claims that America and Britain can prevent total war between the Great Powers by being ready to hit the aggressor with atom bombs where it will hurt most. He is thinking chiefly of a threat by the Soviet Union to attack Europe; and his object is to prevent that threat being carried out. Atomic weapons, he says, would certainly be used in another major war; therefore we can prevent that war by having greater atomic power than the enemy and by letting it be known that the power will be used for instant retaliation. The idea is tempting because it looks simple and realistic. It is obviously better to prevent war than to fight it, and it is also obviously cheaper to concentrate on one weapon if that weapon really is the grand deterrent.

But let us have no illusions about what the idea implies. It depends on our own moral and physical readiness to drop hydrogen and atom bombs on the Russian and Chinese equivalents of London, Coventry, and Clydeside. A few atomic bombers with their city busters could do vastly more damage than repeated raids by 500 bombers did in the last war. One has to get into an abnormally logical and cold-blooded mood to grasp that the effectiveness of the great deterrent depends on its horror. Basically the idea is as old as strategy itself: overwhelming power is to be directed at the enemy's main source of strength—if possible, with surprise. The idea is not new, but the volume of power is; so is the completely indiscriminate nature of the attack.

It is a little late in the day to argue about it. We, the public, are not being prepared for a policy that is to come; we are being informed of a policy that exists. That is made clear in the White Paper on Defence published last month. British atomic bombs are being delivered to an atomic striking force that exists. If British strategy has been revolutionised, we ought to know and talk about it. If, as Sir John admits, atomic strategy brings with it the risk of atomic retaliation, then we have to prepare for it. We can hardly expect the very secretive and suspicious men in the Kremlin to assume that neither we nor the Americans would in any circumstances be aggressive. I presume that the Russians too have their atomic strategy in spite of their great superiority in armies and aircraft. And if they intend to do us mischief, they will seek ways of frustrating our strategy.

There are, I am sure, expert, technical arguments against Sir John Slessor's view. We cannot expect to be told what they are; for his whole point is that an atomic bomber force will deter warlike governments. And if you discuss the weaknesses of the deterrent in public, you weaken the deterrent. But his whole argument seems to rest on three assumptions: first, that the available bombers have the performance needed to deal crippling blows in the right place; second, that America and Britain can maintain indefinitely a clear lead in these weapons over potential aggressors; third, that scientific devices cannot, as far as is foreseen, bring down so many bombers that no bombing force will face the losses. I cannot believe that the American and British Governments would have accepted this offensive strategy if they believed that their own countries, and the countries of Europe, could be here and now properly defended against the jet bomber. Yet I

believe we are spending great sums of money on trying to make the bomber as obsolete as the battleship.

I make these points because Sir John Slessor was so sweeping in his opening statements. He spoke of 'a complete revolution in human affairs brought about by the coming of age of air power'. 'All previous conceptions', he said, 'have become obsolete'. 'Total war as we have known it', he declares, 'is a thing of the past'. He seems to have complete confidence in the ruthlessness of others; indeed, he goes further in this respect than the White Paper on Defence. These tremendous statements, coming from a former Chairman of the Chiefs of Staff, are of tremendous importance; and I would like to hear a soldier's or a sailor's answer to them. All that the layman can do is to examine some of their political implications. I am sure that Sir John would agree that atomic strategy is too important to be left to the air marshals. Weapons must be the servants of policy; strategy must be decided by ministers; and ministers have to face voters.

There are three special points in this atomic strategy that puzzle me. First, I shall consider whether experience can teach us anything. In particular I want to look into the distinction between major and minor aggressions, the cases in which atomic weapons would be used and those cases in which they would not be used. Then, I want to draw attention to the importance of our relationship to the United States in this matter. And, lastly, I want to suggest what is implied for civil defence.

Our experience in atomic strategy is brief but significant. It is a fair presumption that the security of free Europe since the war has been largely due to American superiority in atomic weapons. I am not saying that it prevented the Russians overrunning Europe with their troops; I am saying that the Kremlin, because of the American strategic air force, took far fewer risks in Europe and the Middle East than it would have done if its superiority in land forces had been unchallenged. This fact, that we have already enjoyed the protection of the atomic bomb, must affect our judgment of the future. If we have accepted for some years the protection of a weapon that we did not possess ourselves, it is neither consistent nor honest to reject it when we are told that we have it, too. In one sense we are all atomists now.

There is another significant but different fact in our experience. Superiority in atomic weapons was not used to stop or shorten a dangerous and costly war in Korea. Yet this was a clear case of aggression; resistance to it was approved by the United Nations; it nearly brought disaster to American arms; it involved a major power—China; it caused grievous loss to the Koreans and to the Americans; but the bomb was not used. Indeed, you will remember how the allies of the United States, Britain among them, strongly urged the American Government to limit the war and not to threaten reprisals against China itself. I am not saying the pressure was right or wrong; I am simply recalling a political fact of recent memory which suggests to us that to use this great deterrent is a rather more complicated matter than Sir John would perhaps allow.

The last fact of recent experience worth attention is this. I have the impression that American policy towards the Soviet Union has been

subtly influenced by the evidence that the Russians are probably on the way to producing the hydrogen bomb and certainly stockpiling atomic bombs. The Americans are beginning to question atomic strategy just as we are beginning to think about it. Mr. Dulles, for example, is being criticised—unfairly, I think—for not finding a way of bringing the atomic threat to bear on the endless war in Indo-China. The Viet-Minh forces fighting the French are supplied from China; but that is not aggression in the vocabulary of this atomic strategy. It is suggested that the appearance of Chinese communist troops in Indo-China would be aggression; but the appearance in Korea of these same troops—who were given the special title of volunteers—was not countered with the threat of atomic bombing. What was the reason for this American restraint? I do not know. This may seem rather a niggling comment. But I make no apology for it, because I believe that political situations are always much less clear-cut than military planners expect them to be. We should be cautious about the confidence we place in the great deterrent.

### 'Major' and 'Minor' Wars

This leads me to the distinction between major and minor wars. This is not an academic matter. If priority is to be given in our defence expenditure to preparations for major war, then logically the atomic bombers should get the lion's share of the national resources. Such a force is not cheap; I have heard it said that an atom bomb costs £3,000,000 and that a medium bomber to carry it costs about £500,000. An effective force would be a heavy investment of industrial, financial, and human resources. How far, then, can other weapons and forces for minor wars be cut in order to meet this big bill? If it were certain, as Sir John Slessor says it is, that atomic weapons would be used from the first moment in a short major conflict, then it might be wise to take certain risks with our Navy and Army. But supposing that they were not used? Supposing we had a long struggle with a phoney period, as we had last time. An enemy might devise a strategy to avoid a major war—atomic war—as gas or bacteriological war was avoided in the past; and we ourselves might be so short of conventional forces and weapons that we would have to start atomic war ourselves. That, I maintain, would be a very difficult decision to make.

Here, then, it seems to me there is a major problem—and I am not being captious. If it is known that the atomic weapon is to be used only where the forces of Communist Powers collide with those of the Western Powers, there is no reason why the communists should not pursue a strategy of aggression by minor wars. Indeed, the lesson of the last seven years is that the communists have such a strategy, which they use with great skill and caution. It is a more real menace than the danger of major war. We might hold Europe and lose Asia. What the answer to it is I do not know. But no strategy can be regarded as satisfactory which treats as obsolete the potential enemy's favourite methods of working.

Now I come to my second point: our relations with the United States in this matter. Two facts seem clear. One is that American power to use atomic weapons is and will remain far greater than ours. The American budget for weapons and research is many times larger than ours can be. The second fact is that the Americans, for some time at least, run less risk of being atom-bombed than we do. Their belief in the use of the bomb is therefore likely to be more ardent than ours. At best, we, the British, will be the junior and more cautious partner. Sir John Slessor has argued that we cannot hope to influence American atomic strategy unless we contribute something important to it. I find that argument unanswerable. But how are the politics of this collaboration with the United States to be organised? Would a decision to threaten the use of atomic weapons be a joint Anglo-American act of policy or an American act of policy about which we would be informed when the decision had been taken? It is a vital question.

### The Atomic Decision

We are told that the most likely occasion for such a decision would be a Soviet attack, or threat of attack on western Europe. To meet that is an allied responsibility, entrusted to an international command under General Gruenthal in Nato. My personal view is that the atomic decision should be entrusted to the American President, the British and French Prime Ministers, the Secretary-General of Nato, and the Nato Supreme Commander, sitting together and consulting on behalf of the whole Atlantic alliance. You cannot decide to risk an atomic war in Europe without consulting Europe; and if you do not consult Europe beforehand it may be too late when the moment comes. Nothing would

do more to encourage the neutralism and anti-Americanism that are always latent in Europe than the belief that the nature of a future war would be simply decided by an American President and British Prime Minister of the future. There will not always be an Eisenhower in Washington and a Churchill in London. We must not entrust too much deadly power to one or two men.

It will be said that consultation means delay. But, as I understand Sir John's plan, a possible aggressor would first of all be threatened with retaliation directly the evidence of his intentions was clear, if it were. Sir Winston Churchill has spoken in the House of Commons of a 'period of alert'. There would be time for consultation. If, of course, war started with another Pearl Harbour attack, the decision to retaliate would be immediate. That would be push-button war, without a declaration of war. I am proposing that the deterrent should be offered by the Atlantic alliance, if there is time to give a warning.

The military prospect is, as Sir John Slessor says, revolutionary, but so is the political prospect. And this is my last point. A government that is intending to use the threat of atomic bombing to prevent aggression must prepare its own people to take the medicine that it is getting ready for others. Sir John Slessor's assumption that there is no real problem here seems to show a lack of imagination. He seems to forget the remarkable restrictions that were imposed by the Cabinet on Bomber Command in 1939-40. A strategic bombing force and the policy that goes with it need the backing of a good civil defence organisation, not the travesty of preparedness we now have in this country. They need, too, the support of a public opinion which has been trusted with the dangerous facts of international life, and which has been clearly told what the national strategy is. I repeat: we cannot leave it all to the experts.

I have kept until the end a brief comment on Sir John Slessor's Locarno plan. I think it has two fatal flaws. First, no American government would sign a treaty promising to use atomic bombs to protect the Soviet Union against Germany or anybody else. That is a political fact, however much one may deplore it. Secondly, if we and the Americans withdraw our forces from Europe—which I fervently hope we shall not—I see no reasons why the Russians should withdraw theirs behind their frontiers. Their air defence needs the screen of eastern Europe; their atomic strategy needs forward bases in central Europe for bombers and missiles. Mr. Molotov in Berlin gave the impression that his chiefs of staff had told him on no account to leave eastern Germany and Austria. I cannot see why the Locarno plan should change their views.

### Finding the Right Balance

To sum up: I am not questioning Sir John's basic thesis that we need an atomic bomber force. Until the defence against the bomber has been perfected, readiness to attack may well be the best defence. We cannot dispense with a weapon that would fatally attract a new Hitler or a new Mussolini. We must choose between weapons; we cannot afford them all. But it is a matter of finding the right balance. We are a people with special risks of minor wars overseas, for which atomic weapons are not usable. Ours is a nation in which military and civilian targets are huddled together. One day this concentration in a narrow space may enable us to protect ourselves better against air attack than America and Russia with their vast frontiers. But at this moment we are much more vulnerable than they are to bombing. Moreover, in deciding how much we reduce our other forces in favour of this atomic deterrent, we have to reckon that all our food, fuel, raw materials, come by sea; and that all our reinforcements, munitions, and supplies for the outside world go by sea. We cannot just discard the traditional maritime basis of our strategy without what Mr. Dulles would call a really agonising reappraisal. I know that many serving officers who are unable to speak in public feel this.

I suggest that we face a decision rather like that which the French faced after the war of 1914-18. They then broke with the offensive tradition of the French army and built the defensive Maginot Line. But when war came the Germans did not attack the Maginot Line. We are being asked to break with our defensive tradition and to rely on an offensive weapon which would be decisive only if the enemy or our allies wanted an atomic war. This strategy, it seems to me, originated in the United States; and it may well be the right one for the circumstances of that nation. But I am not sure that it is the right one for us. It is one thing to make a modest independent contribution to allied strength in this form; it is another thing to give it super-priority in our own national strategy. We are all attracted by the idea of the great deterrent; but supposing that the aggressor is not deterred?

# The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate (including postage) £1 sterling. Shorter periods pro rata. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or to usual agents.

## How to be an Author

**A**S one surveys the contents of another Book Number the thought strikes one that a large proportion of the authors in our modern world have been or are journalists. This is not, of course, altogether a new phenomenon: Macaulay was a journalist and so was Charles Dickens. But in earlier times an author might (like Ruskin) be well endowed by his parents or belong to a leisured class so that he could gradually master his art and by trial and experiment reach a high level of achievement. Today an author must rise early in the morning or stay up late at night to do his stint, leaving his working hours for ephemeral tasks of writing or it may be for teaching or administration. And after early youth has passed it requires courage, skill, patience, integrity, and also good health for an author to display his talent under the circumstances; while those who are journalists, commanded to 'knock out' their quota of words each day, are tempted, almost subconsciously, to debase the quality of their prose and even of their thought.

These reflections are reinforced by the selection from Sinclair Lewis' fugitive writings and lectures which have now been published under the title of *The Man from Main Street* and are reviewed by Mr. Bryden in this number. Sinclair Lewis, like so many others, started as a journalist. After leaving Yale, he became a newspaper reporter, a magazine editor and a literary adviser to publishers. He wrote his first two novels 'during the evenings after days of editorial work, but they were financial failures and at first critically unnoticed'. It was not apparently until he gave up daily journalism that he hit the jack-pot. In 1930 he was somewhat surprisingly awarded the Nobel Prize after he had become successful. Then he was so famous that when he was asked if he were the author, he would reply, that that was his cousin: 'Me, thank God, I'm in the wholesale grocery racket'.

Perhaps, in fact, if one were to give advice to a young man or woman ambitious to be a novelist today (and there is plenty of room yet for good novelists) one might say that they would be well advised to enter the wholesale grocery racket. For journalism, with all its attractions, social pleasures, and excitements, is not often the best road to fiction. And even if one aims at being a less imaginative kind of author, a critic, for example, or a biographer, and is lucky enough to be sustained in one's art by becoming, say, what Mr. John Brophy calls 'a top corner boy' in a Sunday newspaper, one ensconces oneself in a very special world. Nothing, the journalist-author must often sigh cynically to himself, is more boring than the novel that is written about the life of a novelist or about adventures in a newspaper office—a garment factory or a commercial travellers' hotel offers a more amusing *mise-en-scène*. Writers on writers, and small men on big men, one has read them all. Hence, no doubt, the modern vogue in the lending libraries for explorers and adventurers who plough the sea in little boats. Literature indeed is a more difficult art than it seems to the thousands who year after year embark upon it. For to few is it given to find the persistence and the daemon of a man like James Joyce in the face of poverty and reviling. Yet such, one suspects, are the really great authors.

## What They Are Saying

Towards the Geneva conference

LAST WEEK many Moscow broadcasts continued to comment on the aftermath of the Berlin conference and to look forwards to the Geneva conference. Particular stress was laid on the thesis that 'the overwhelming majority' of the French people opposed ratification of the E.D.C. Treaty, and that a 'crushing majority' of British and European peoples opposed German rearmament. Apropos of the Geneva conference, much emphasis was laid upon the condemnation by 'the overwhelming majority' of the French people of the war in Indo-China. A broadcast quoting *Pravda* stated:

Facing the bankruptcy of their plans for an aggressive war in Indo-China, certain circles in the U.S.A. are trying to turn the war there into an international conflict. With this object in view fables are spread about the intervention of China in the war. This base fabrication is intended to provide some sort of excuse for the failure of the French forces and to create a semblance of justification for the flagrant intervention of the U.S.A. in the war.

Another Moscow broadcast quoting *Pravda* emphasised that the decision to convene the Geneva conference 'means the *de facto* recognition of the important role of the Chinese People's Republic as one of the Great Powers'. A Chinese transmission described Mr. Dulles' recent broadcast as evidence of the desire of the U.S. 'ruling clique' to maintain world tension and of its hostility towards the Chinese people. Mr. Dulles' observation that China 'will come to Geneva not to be honoured by us, but rather to account before the bar of world opinion' was an attempt to make the U.S.A. appear as a plaintiff in Geneva and China as the defendant. A Polish broadcast maintained that although the Geneva conference would deal only with Far Eastern problems, 'it is beginning to influence the turn of events in Europe' :

Voices in France, for instance, demand a postponement of the debate on E.D.C. while in Germany it is being urged that further negotiations on German reunification should take place in view of the prospect of negotiations on reunifying Korea. The voice of the Labour Opposition in Britain shows that the hope of a Far Eastern settlement has created an international climate in which the European Army would be completely superfluous, while even in the American press signs of a sobering-up process have appeared.

On March 5 Moscow radio broadcast a long statement by Mr. Molotov, in which he spoke of the significance of the forthcoming Geneva conference. Full judgment on the Berlin conference, he said, must be reserved until after the Geneva meeting, where all the participants must—among other things—recognise the need to end a hopeless war in Indo-China. Reverting to Berlin, Mr. Molotov delivered a sustained attack upon the western defence policy of building up 'positions of strength', upon Nato, and upon E.D.C. No less than eleven times, Molotov referred to the phrase 'positions of strength'; and he asked:

What is the meaning of the policy, 'positions of strength', pursued by the government circles of the U.S.A. and the countries of the Anglo-American bloc? In the final count, it resolves to a foreign and home policy pursued with the object of preparing another war. It cannot mean anything else.

Four times in his statement, Molotov accused the Western Powers of preparing a new war.

On the same day, March 5, Soviet and satellite broadcasts commemorated the first anniversary of Stalin's death with tributes to this 'great perpetuator of Lenin's cause'. Soviet listeners were told that Stalin's whole life was dedicated to a selfless struggle for the 'free and happy life' of the workers and to the victory of communism. The most flowery tributes seemed to come from China. A Peking broadcast in English quoted an article by Kuo Mo-jo in which he recalled a meeting with Stalin last year:

There he was, a great man, a man who opened a new era in the history of mankind, who had brought so many benefits to humanity. Yet as you sat before him you did not feel the least uncomfortable...

From the U.S.A., *The New York Times* was quoted as asking how far the hope had been realised that, with the death of Stalin, a brighter future might be in store for humanity. It went on:

It is understandable that some observers have been led to speak of the 'new look' in the Kremlin. But is this new look more than skin deep? The weight of evidence thus far suggests that the change is superficial and not basic, and that the elements of continuity with Stalinism still far outweigh the departures from the dead tyrant's mould.

# Did You Hear That?

## NATIONAL REGISTER OF ARCHIVES

'I DID NOT REALISE', said LAURENCE DOPSON in 'Woman's Hour', 'that when Mary Queen of Scots was a prisoner she liked marmalade, and I did not know that in 1585 it cost 2s. 4d. a lb.; but I found this information in an account of the money spent by her household during the last seventy-three days of her life. It is one of the documents mentioned in the latest "bulletin" or report of the National Register of Archives. These accounts are written on parchment membranes which are sown together to form a long roll. You can tell that marmalade was a luxury in those days, for in contrast fitches of bacon cost only 3s. 11d.'

The National Register of Archives was founded in 1945, as an extension of the work of the Historical Manuscripts Commission, and its purpose is to collect and index notes of the contents of various ancient and modern documents. These may be in private hands, or they may belong to local authorities and institutions such as churches, hospitals, schools, shops, and banks.

There is a small permanent staff at the Public Record Office in London, and a large body of voluntary helpers all over the country. Many of them are women, and the Registrar herself is a woman. One day a man came into her office with a brown paper bundle. He put it on her desk and when he undid the string she found it contained letters from Sir John Fenwick, who was beheaded on Tower Hill for the attempted assassination of William III. Sir John had them smuggled out to his wife from the condemned cell and they have now been presented to the British Museum, through the National Register. "God in Heaven bless my love and grant I may see you again before I die", says one of these pathetic letters.

'A happier husband-and-wife correspondence is between Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the playwright, and his second wife Esther, or, as he called her, Hecca. "But o you little sly beast, how you want to cajole me about your driving", he says. He goes on to discuss her skill like any modern husband being sceptical of women drivers, though of course he is not referring to driving a car in the eighteenth century.'

Glimpses of court life are given in some other letters which are recorded in the National Register of Archives. A Yorkshire lady, Mrs. Worsley, of Hovingham Hall, was kept well posted, in her Yorkshire home, with news from London. There are some letters written to her about 1765 which describe the royal children. "The Prince of Wales is quite a Man. He has parted from his nurse without fretting. Prince Frederick is in perfect health and beauty, and begins to talk". The Prince of Wales was the future George IV: little Frederick became the Duke of York who led the troops up the hill and then led them down again—you may remember the nursery rhyme.

The National Register of Archives makes a summary list of the documents in a collection, and then a second-stage report, which describes them in greater detail. Owners of the documents get copies of these lists—and often for the first time learn what they really possess—and copies are also available for reference by students. If you want to see an original document, the Registrar arranges permission. Some interesting discoveries have been made—for instance, the letters of the first British minister to the United States—and the National Register was responsible for the deposit of the Wentworth Woodhouse manuscripts in Sheffield Public Library, which are a very important source

for historians. But it is just as interested in recording small items, such as the accounts of a Worcestershire village carpenter.

Of course archives are being formed today, and there are in the writing table of a house at Little Compton the annual plans of the vegetable garden which the present owners have made every year since 1929. The National Register has recorded these, too, and they will be very interesting to historians in years to come.

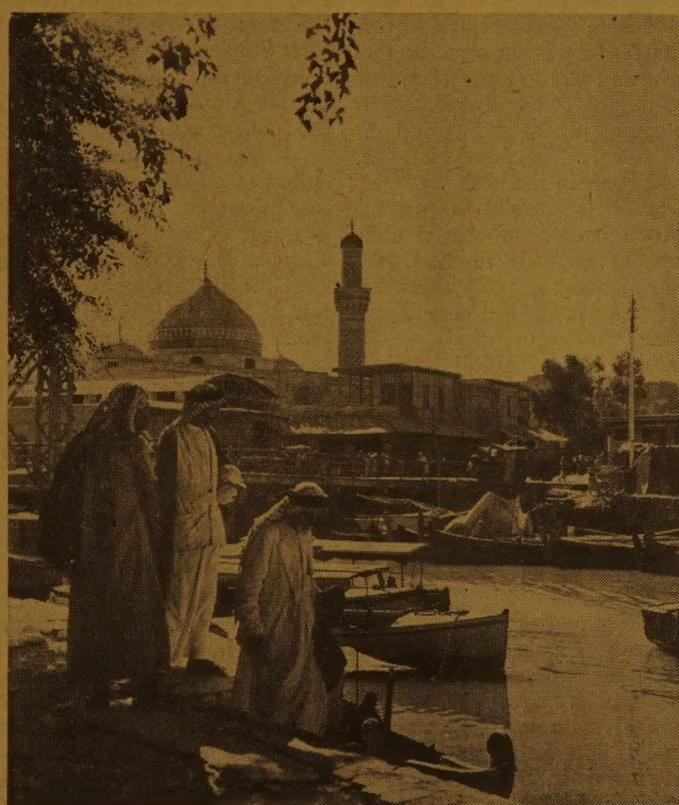
The National Register of Archives has so far more than 6,000 reports on collections, covering many thousands of individual documents, and to make the register as complete as possible they would like to know of any archives, large or small. You might have come across old letters or deeds, or apprenticeship bonds, or things of that sort, in doing the history of your village for the Women's Institute, for instance. Or you may have some "old junk" which you are thinking of burning. It would be worth while seeing first if it would be of interest. Most counties now have a county committee of the Register, with its voluntary secretary, or you could write to the Registrar at the Public Record Office, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2. Scotland has its own National Register of Archives at the General Register House, Edinburgh. At last people are beginning to realise that old documents are more interesting intact than they are as lampshades or tambourine covers'.

## WHERE EAST MEETS WEST

Speaking of Basra in a Home Service talk, LAWSON STENI said: 'Like Bruges, or like Venice, the town is riddled with canals. On their banks, in open-air tea gardens, sit men of another type, not townsmen, but desert men. With their great beaks of thin, bony noses, their slits of eyes, piercing but bemused, their grimy burnouses, they are like hooded hawks. They share a hookah, communally, as they drowse away the hot hours. A wailing feline music lulls their ears, a burden of Arabian love. It is broken occasionally by a glottic stop, a guttural and passionate outcry: a wild, barbaric lament. The singer is hundreds of miles away, the Scheherazade who beguiles them. She wears nylons, high heels, a Paris frock, and chants into a studio microphone, in Cairo or Baghdad.'

Meanwhile the womenfolk slop about the streets in heelless sandals, buying, selling, and drudging. Muffled in black weeds, they crouch over small tin boxes filled with glowing charcoal. A buyer stoops, picks out a piping hot skewer, laden with sizzling kebabs, flicks it clean of its charred and aromatic lumps of meat, and slides them into his mouth, chewing as he pays. The seller's hood slips as she receives the money, and there is a glimpse of withered and wrinkled cheeks, of a hag who may be no more than thirty years old. Another crone kneels in the middle of the roadway, pulls out a lean breast, as casually as if it were a ginger-beer bottle, and suckles her great hulk of a kindergarten-aged boy. Two young girls veil themselves modestly as you pass, hiding their indelicate mouths. If you happen to look back, you will find them peering at you and giggling.

There are hotels and cinemas, and showy boulevards, it is true, but the east still struggles valiantly against the west. There are harem windows in the narrow back streets, lace works of exquisitely fretted wood. The jewel shops display bracelets and necklaces of squares of camel bone. Each square has a painted miniature on it, with bulbous and roses, with turbaned and jewelled youths languishing for love



Dhows anchored beside the Maoan bridge in Basra. In the background is the Amir mosque

Shell Photographic Unit

beneath cypress trees, cutting their fingers with fruit knives in despair, whilst maidens in flowery silks simper coldly at them. These ornaments come from Persia, over the mountains. The work on them is hair fine. In fact, it is done with a brush of a single hair, and the conscientious artist keeps a cat beside him, a large, and moulting, Persian cat, for replenishments.

'The old slave market is as grim-looking as a gaol, with double doors of ponderous brown wood. Opposite it is a tea garden. In former days the new arrivals, negresses and Abyssinian girls, were clamped into the prison for the night, after their journey across the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean. In the morning they were paraded up and down the benches in the tea garden, where the merchants sat. You can imagine the merchants, sipping nonchalantly, and stretching out an expert hand from time to time, to appraise dusky, shivering flesh'.

#### WITCH BOTTLES

'One Saturday afternoon', said RALPH MERRIFIELD, Assistant Keeper to Guildhall Museum, speaking in 'The Eye-witness', 'an enthusiastic amateur archaeologist, Mr. Charles Johnson, was searching in the mud of the Thames near Paul's Pier Wharf. He was looking for the stray relics of ancient London, which sometimes come to light when the tide is low, a pastime often called "mud-larking". On this occasion Mr. Johnson was lucky. He found a complete jug of the period of Charles II—the kind which is called a "grey-beard" because it has the face of a bearded man impressed on the lower part of the neck.

'Jugs of this kind are quite common, but it is unusual to find an unbroken one in the river. And when Mr. Johnson saw that it still had a clay stopper in it, he was even more pleased with his find. He then realised that there was something inside the jug, and when he removed the stopper, out fell a handful of rusty nails. But something else still remained inside, and would not pass through the narrow neck of the jug. When this was eventually extracted, with the aid of surgical forceps, it was found to be a piece of felt, cut in the shape of a heart, and in it were stuck several brass pins. It was obviously either a charm prepared by a would-be witch, or more probably a charm against witchcraft. It is likely that some unfortunate person, who believed that he was bewitched, was trying to cast the spell back against the witch who sent it. In the seventeenth century, or perhaps even later, "witch bottles", containing pins, nails, and water, were used for this purpose in various parts of the country.

'The "grey-beard" jug found in the Thames, and now exhibited in Guildhall Museum, is one of the earliest charms of this kind that has yet been found. However, since then I have been able to trace nine other "grey-beards" which contain nails, pins, imitation hearts, or human hair: quite evidently these, too, had been prepared, as "witch-bottles" at about the same period, nearly 300 years ago. These were all found either in London or in East Anglia. The Londoners of late Stuart times seem to have preferred to throw their "witch bottles" into running water or into ditches. One of them was found in the bed of the old mill stream under Great College Street, Westminster. On

the other hand, in East Anglia they carefully buried the "grey-beards" beneath the floors of their houses, generally under the threshold or hearthstone, and several have been found buried beneath old taverns. The owners evidently thought they were in special need of protection, perhaps because they had refused credit to the local witch'.

#### UNWANTED COMPANION ON ATHOS

'There are no women on Athos', said PAUL USHER in the course of a Home Service talk. 'There are not even hens. Eggs are imported; and although herds of cattle range through the wooded hills, they are all male animals. The only exception to this rigid rule as far as I could see, were cats. The monks seemed very fond of cats. Rubbing up against the coarse cloth of their habits, or tugging at their beards, the cats' coquettish ways seemed to offset very slightly the rough masculinity of Athos.

'I spent several night vigils with the Simopetra monks in their ikon-studded church. It was searingly cold and heavy with incense. The deeply grooved faces of the monks lit by flickering candles seemed like the stone statues of dead patriarchs, as they stood in pews bellowing their litanies. When I got used to its odd disharmonies and curious freedom I began to see this uproar as a most direct and passionate prayer, but on Athos, as one old monk expressed it to me, you learn to forget the tones of the human voice and listen to the silence.

'It was at the monastery of the Greatest Lavra to the south-east of Athos, that I came across Demosthenes. He was a youngish Greek with a cast in one eye and an English vocabulary so foul that it seemed like a language of its own. He attached himself to me instantly and stuck like a limpet. It appeared that he had served, in some indeterminate capacity, with the British forces in the western desert. "Greeks no good", he said, "English O.K.". I was surprised to learn that he had arrived in Athos some months previously with the idea of becoming a monk. His case is typical of many others in Greece today. He was an Athenian, but there was no work to be had in Athens, no work in Corinth, no work in Salonika, so he had settled for the religious life. But each monastery in turn had got rid of him. He was one of the unhappiest men I have ever met. He told me his story as we plucked ripe figs from the trees in the courtyard of Lavra.

'His family had been wealthy and influential, so he said, but now the sons of rich families had to wander through the beautiful but barren hills of Greece on a diet of nuts and the charity of others.

'We trudged together from Lavra to Caracallu, from Caracallu to Iveron, from Iveron to Vatopede. And by that time I was pretty sick of him. But it is not so easy to get rid of an unwanted companion on Athos, when there is just the one stony track from monastery to monastery, and if you want to eat and sleep the monasteries are the only places. Not that Demosthenes showed much gratitude for the hospitality he received: "These monks have plenty money. They come here only to get money!" I began to realise that it was not because I was a countryman of Lord Byron, or because Demosthenes had served with the British during the war that he was sticking to me'.



The monastery of the Greatest Lavra on Mount Athos, Greece

# Life in a Chinese University

By LENA CLAQUE

I HAVE lived in China for the past twenty-one years, and for most of that time I have taught at the universities. So I have known the Chinese people intimately and shared the vast changes that have taken place in their lives in recent years. I want to tell you something about how the revolution affected the lives of students and professors and the curriculum.

Before the revolution the colleges and universities had a strong identity of their own. St. John's University and Yenching University, for instance, were the equivalent of Oxford and Cambridge. Most of them were founded and kept going by American mission money and staffed almost entirely by American professors and Chinese educated in America. But gradually after 1949 the People's Government took over all the education, and the universities, both the privately owned Chinese ones as well as the American mission institutions, became state property and were controlled by the Bureau of Education. After this the whole idea of universities, as we understand it, was changed. Students could no longer choose their line of study or their college. Different subjects were centralised in one university and the student was directed into the line of study where the Government felt he would be most needed. I remember one girl of seventeen who wanted to study art but she was told she must enter an engineering university. China needed engineers and she had done well in mathematics during her school years, so she must use

her ability in this way. We would consider graduation, the attainment of a definite standard, as a necessary part of a student's equipment for his career. But in China it is no longer considered essential to graduate. One of my best students was called away before his graduation because there was an urgent need for interpreters to serve with a visiting international delegation; he never returned to the university and his failure to complete the course was not considered a handicap.

When the universities were first taken over and education became the concern of the state there was great enthusiasm among the students—and indeed among many professors. Students hastily wrote and performed plays to show the populace how education was now free from all foreign influence. There were parades and speeches, and I used to listen to the students telling the people how their education in the foreign financed schools had made them feel an inferior race and ashamed of being Chinese. When the parade stage was over the administrative changes began. Fees were abolished and the students were all required to live in dormitories in the colleges so that they could live a collective life. The students were dressed alike in a blue padded uniform—and very dull it looked in a classroom. Sports and physical training became obligatory: China was trying to get rid of the tradition that the scholar was a delicate, fragile person who never soiled his hands or performed any physical exercise. Now, every morning for twenty minutes teachers, administrative office staff, and students assembled on the playing fields and went through exercises like Swedish drill to rhythmic music broadcast from loudspeakers in every corner of the field. It was, I must say, an amusing sight to see the greybeards trying to keep up with the agile youth. Many times have I dashed out during this interval to ask the Dean an important question. All to no avail—everyone was exercising

and there was no help for it but to join in with the others. The collective life must be lived and there was no place for any individual idiosyncrasies. In fact, the students even did their study assignments collectively, those getting good marks being required to help the backward.

But it was the student and teacher relationship that was most drastically altered. A teacher could no longer speak with the voice of authority: he was subjected to the most severe criticism from groups of students. Every week there were periods for criticism and self-criticism, where students and teachers sat round a table and criticised each other and themselves as well as the material taught during the past week. One professor was severely censured for using the same lecture

notes for years on end—he must bring them up to date and consider, moreover, if the instruction he was giving was not too theoretical. Then most of the courses were considerably shortened and the examinations were held on a different basis from before. For the aim now was not to provide scholars but to give just so much education as would enable the university graduate to go out and instruct the illiterate. Examinations were not held for the purpose of qualifying a student but to classify his abilities and see where these could be used to the best advantage.

All learning was directed to the practical side. There was a great deal of emphasis on subjects like medicine, engineering, chemistry, and kindred subjects, and, of course, dialectical materialism



The reading room of the university library at Chungshan, Canton

and the writings of Mao Tse-tung became a compulsory course. The teaching of the Chinese language itself underwent a minor revolution: it was simplified so that the ordinary man in the street could master a given number of characters and be able to read and write in a shorter time than before. The technical vocabulary was standardised so that technical subjects could be taught in the Chinese language. In my own subject—the teaching of English language and literature—the primary motive before 1949 was to gain scholarships for study in England or America, but no student can go to either of these countries now, and since the revolution my students have learnt English simply so that they could be interpreters and translators. Even in English the emphasis was all on the practical side. For example, in one year a student was required to study 5,000 words, and nine-tenths of the examinations cover this word study.

Later, however, one or two rather interesting changes began to creep into the teaching methods. We still had the self-criticism periods, and the courses were just as much directed to practical ends, but new ideas were introduced. For instance, the padded uniforms disappeared. The girls now attended classes in slacks with flowery coloured jackets. New enthusiasms arose. I remember a year ago we had a health campaign in which all the students rushed around burdened with pails, brushes, and dusters. Many of them had never cleaned a window or scrubbed a floor in their lives but they made a very good job of it, and even the professors joined in the campaign—though they confined themselves to clearing away garden rubbish and doing out-door work.

Then in the vacations the students were required to go into the factories and farms in order to obtain practical experience. Even the students of languages and literature do this in order to find out the

actual conditions and the problems they were going to write about later on. I said to one student: 'Don't you want to use your imagination any longer?' 'No', he replied, 'not if you mean fantasy—we want to write about the real problems of real people in a real world'. He was summing up the moral of a poem we read last year, one section of which ran:

Gone are our tears, our trials forgotten—  
We banished the perfume of lilac and grass—  
We exalt electricity, motors, and sirens—iron and brass

One particularly interesting change came in the teaching of foreign literature. It was brought about by the introduction of Soviet teaching methods about two years after the revolution. When the Government first took over the universities in 1949 the English language ceased to be the medium of instruction in all subjects other than English. In the English department, English translations of Russian novels and short stories were generally used as teaching material. But when the new Soviet teaching methods were adopted, English classics, Shakespeare and other authors such as Galsworthy, Dickens, the Brontës, the plays of Shaw, and even Jane Austen and the poems of Kipling were read. Last term we studied Milton's 'Paradise Lost'. I asked one of the officials why these authors were now allowed. He said that it was only by reading English authors in the original that a student could really understand English idiom. After this I was emboldened to speak more freely when my students argued that Dickens' descriptions of England were accurate today or when they held up Jack London (a favourite author among them) as a model of English idiomatic speech.

All teachers went through a thorough course of training when the new regime began in 1949. They had to learn the communist theory and practice and how to apply this in teaching. They were obliged to write and re-write their own biographies until they had the correct phrases and the correct point of view. They had to criticise everything they believed or knew or had felt which was not part of the new way of thinking. I once said to one of the political workers known as a student cadre, 'How can you be sure that you have really converted a person to your way of thinking?' He replied, 'We of course cannot be sure, but as long as his actions conform to our policy, his motives are of lesser importance. A man is primarily judged by his concrete actions'. But, in any case, whatever the teachers might have wanted they were bound to respond to the students. I remember in the case of an English class, the entire student body in the languages department objected to reading the novel by Thornton Wilder, *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*. The reason, they said, was that 'the content of the story presents a

philosophical problem that no one can answer at present and is, therefore, quite useless to us; and, indeed, we consider it harmful to confuse young people with involved religious controversy'. Always the pressure of student opinion would win the battle and we could not give selections they disapproved of.

I cannot go into a really thorough survey of what university education means under the communist regime. All I have done is to bring up a few aspects of it which may give a picture of the changes; but what I hope I have shown is that education in China today has taken a new direction—quite different from that of the past when the student's aim was to secure a high academic standard and obtain the highest degree possible. In those days the scholar was honoured for himself and scholarship was considered the most honourable of qualifications. In fact, in the past, Chinese civilisation was a civilisation of scholars. But the Government of China today looks at scholarship in the light of two considerations. One is that the vast majority of the population is illiterate, and the other is the need for China to become industrialised and productive both in industry and agriculture. Everyone who can serve the country in either of these fields must be pressed into service. This is why the courses have been shortened and the examinations changed. Even a half-trained student can go out and instruct a group of peasants in elementary reading and writing, and the Chinese Government feels that when they have dealt with the appalling problem of illiteracy it will be time to go on to the next stage and think about more intensive education.

The Government has a five-year plan for overcoming illiteracy and getting all the children into schools within that period, so there will have to be a very quick turnover of students in order to staff the schools—most of which will be in the rural areas. Every student is assigned a job when he leaves the university, and not all of them want to go into the rural areas away from the comforts of their family and city life. But they always do so in the end—they are preached at by their fellow students in what are called 'persuasion meetings' until they agree. But actually there is not much unwillingness, for youth in China is filled with enthusiasm for the cause and they do want to serve their fellow countrymen.

What I have been describing is not the education which I believe can lead to true scholarship. The People's Government of China would agree with me—but they consider this to be a temporary state of affairs. But I cannot be sure that education anywhere based on a purely materialistic doctrine can, in the end, entirely satisfy the needs of man. He cannot live by bread alone.—*Home Service*

## Tradition and Experiment in Asia—III

# China: New Version of an Old Society

By CYRIL PHILIPS

IT was in the autumn of 1896 that the world first heard of Dr. Sun Yat-sen. A Chinese refugee had been kidnapped—kidnapped in the heart of London—and that morning of October 1 Englishmen read in their newspapers how he had been seized in broad daylight and was being held prisoner in the Manchu Government's Chinese embassy, a building in Portland Square close to where Broadcasting House now is; how a message giving the news had been smuggled out by a charlady, and how the prisoner was in danger of being taken secretly to China, perhaps tortured and killed. For a day or so London, the whole country, talked of little else, and then the Foreign Office intervened and Sun Yat-sen was released. Almost as quickly, the excitement subsided, and he was forgotten.

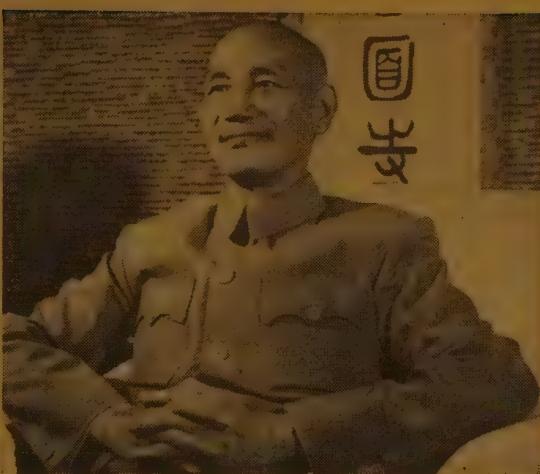
But on the eve of the year 1912 this same refugee was in the news again, and we heard that the man who had been hunted out of his own land and kidnapped in England, had become the first President of the Chinese Republic. The Manchus, the last of the great imperial dynasties of Chinese history, had fallen, and with them a Chinese empire which had gone on officially for some 4,000 years. The forces that had destroyed it, the forces released by the impact of the west, seemed to be embodied in Sun Yat-sen. As a young boy in school he had refused to learn the ancient classics by heart, on the ground that he could not understand them; as a boy he took his companions into a temple and smashed the idols. As a young man he became a Christian,

went to British Hong Kong to train as a doctor and then, after a journey on foot through imperial China, where his experience of the miserable conditions of the peasants confirmed his hatred of the imperial tyranny, he turned to revolutionary propaganda. 'When we did not talk of revolution', he said, 'we didn't feel happy'. Poverty and reform, and the abolition of the Empire were bound together in his mind. Until he became President, the rest of his story is the story of the underground worker in exile: moving from country to country in Asia and Europe, living in shabby lodgings, from time to time making furtive return visits to his own land, travelling round as a bespectacled pedlar with knick-knacks in his wallet, gathering knowledge, fellow conspirators, arms, with a price of £100,000 on his head, from time to time escaping capture and assassination, always implacable in his aim, never losing heart.

The impact of the west hit China much later than India, and when the British had almost the whole of India within their grip they were only just beginning to break open the ports of China through the Treaty of Nanking, of 1842. But as the nineteenth century wore on, the Manchu empire itself showed signs of winding down. Yet China contrived to hold together, and not just by luck or chance. She was humiliated, it is true, by having to cede to the western powers special privileges in her ports, and even certain territory outright, but unlike India she did not contribute to her own break-up. In India the western



Sun Yat-sen



Chiang Kai-shek



Mao Tse-tung

powers, and most of all England, had easily persuaded Indians to do their fighting for them. Indians had no concept of a political India and could have no loyalty to it. In the main, it was an Indian army that conquered India for Britain. But no European power could do the same in China: European political supremacy would have been resisted as death to Chinese culture. The sense of national consciousness there was too deep and too strong.

But the Manchu empire itself was another matter. It was incompatible with the ideas coming in from the outside world, and at the end its rulers were mean, licentious, and cruel, and its mandarins corrupted, confined, and outpaced by events. Even so, the final abdication of the imperial house came as a surprise, almost without warning. With Sun Yat-sen and his fellow revolutionaries violently throwing the furniture about inside the Empire, and the western powers banging heavily on its door, this whole fabric suddenly collapsed into dust, leaving the Europeans with an open door and the bewildered revolutionaries without a structure over their heads or a clear plan how to build a new one. There followed a period of confusion. The empire fell in 1912, and from then until 1925 there was a chaotic interval in which war-lords and bandits dominated the scene; from 1925 Sun Yat-sen's People's Party, the Kuomintang, tried to complete the revolution and reunite China. Sun Yat-sen died in that year, and his soldier successor, Chiang Kai-shek, succeeded in bringing most of China under one recognised government and in holding off the Japanese invasion. Meanwhile the communist movement had been growing in strength and, once the threat of Japan was removed, it fought out the issue with Chiang Kai-shek, forced him and his armies to take refuge in Formosa in 1949, and itself assumed the government of China.

That is the outline of events which have taken place in our lifetime—events with which we are probably fairly familiar. But I am not so much concerned with the details of this story as with the form of government which emerged. After 2,000 years of imperial rule what form of government was a Chinese republic going to take? And how far was a republic a breakaway from Chinese tradition? This is the question I want to answer tonight, and I think the best way to do it is to examine the views of the three most famous Chinese rulers of our day—Sun Yat-sen, Chiang Kai-shek, and Mao Tse-tung.

First of all I think we should remember that Sun Yat-sen became president of the Chinese Republic in 1912—and that was a time when confidence in parliamentary institutions was still rising and it was taken for granted that parliamentary government was the natural goal of political progress in all countries, whatever their previous history. Sun Yat-sen himself knew and admired the west; his most trusted friends were British and American. It was not surprising, therefore, that the republic tried an experiment in parliamentary government. Equally it was not, I think, surprising that it did not work; too few Chinese really understood what it was all about, none was willing to fight to the death for it. Votes were openly sold and openly quoted on the market, the members proceeded to vote themselves large salaries. What is more, the conditions were bewildering. A great political dam, with the stored weight of twenty centuries behind it, had burst and the flood was violently rushing and surging in all directions. But in this confusion we can now discern two political trends of importance: one, that the old Civil Service was perishing and not being replaced—the scholar

class was withdrawing from government into academic life—and, secondly, that the parliamentary experiment was assumed by all to have been tried and found wanting. Of course it had never had a fair trial at all, but the fact remains that by 1920 the experiment of western liberal democracy was discredited and cast aside.

Certainly Sun Yat-sen's leanings towards the western form of democracy were curbed by the failure of Parliament and its failure even to find an army to protect itself, and from this chastening experience he emerged in a frustrated and authoritarian mood with a plan to build round himself a Kuomintang, that is, a Nationalist People's Party, which in turn was to fashion a one-party state.

The arguments by which he reached this conclusion may be put this way: In China none of the causes which gave birth to western democracy had operated. There had been no fight for liberty of conscience. Even the importance of the individual was blurred by the obligations and responsibilities of the clan. If a man rose to honour, all his kin rose, too; if he fell, they all went down. Business, government, life were all primarily clan and family matters. Moreover, and this is most significant, Sun Yat-sen saw even such individualism as existed in China as a weakness in the state, not a strength. He was fond, for example, of comparing China to a 'heap or sheet of sand', even to shifting sands, meaning that each grain, each family, thought too much of and for itself. More traditionally Chinese than he knew, he was reaching out to something more authoritarian than western democracy, some system that fitted in with China's past. This he finally found in the Kuomintang which he brought into being at Canton in South China and from within which he sought help on all sides, including the Russian Communists. But even before the Russian revolution he had developed the view that the Chinese government would have to be run by a picked, trained minority, working itself out in three phases, through military rule, political tutelage, and, ultimately, rule by the people. By political tutelage, which was the period they were entering, he meant the rule of a trained party, and, in forming this, he said there was one thing of the greatest importance: 'that in order that all members may be united spiritually, the first thing is to sacrifice freedom. . . . If the individual will sacrifice freedom then the whole party will have freedom'. Here, in fact, were the seeds not of growth but of decay. However, he attracted to the party all that was ambitious in Chinese society, young soldiers (like Chiang Kai-shek), political careerists, students with radical ideas, business men anxious for a little peace and more trade, and it became the best organised power with the strongest army in the land, and, when Sun Yat-sen died in 1925, it went on under his brother-in-law and ultimate successor, Chiang Kai-shek, to bring China together again under one recognised government.

The point I want you to notice is this: when the Kuomintang stood paramount in China the structure of its government was such as to fit in with past Chinese political experience. Faithfully reflecting Sun Yat-sen's aims, it was a party state, to which opposition was illegal. The decisions that mattered were taken in the party committees or in its army headquarters. It maintained its new authority only because of the natural unity of the Chinese people: its officials were not, of course, the product of the Confucian schools, but of western universities, yet they enjoyed a prestige as heirs of the old civil service, the mandarins.

In outline it was a system not unlike that of the old empire, but what it conspicuously lacked by comparison with the empire was a satisfying or inspiring doctrine, such as Confucianism had been in its earlier days. The nearest it came to acquiring one was Chiang Kai-shek's argument that all China's sufferings were the outcome of Europe's unequal treaties, and of foreign imperialism. The fact that the Kuomintang did not contain the seeds of growth within itself was for long hidden from the west. It was not really until Chiang Kai-shek wrote (or, rather, had written for him) a book, *China's Destiny*, which was published in China in 1942, that its reactionary nature became clear. A translation into English found its way into the State Department's file in the United States, and in 1946 was asked for by Congressmen but refused on the grounds that it was a 'top-secret' document. Presumably this was said because the book put down all China's ills to western imperialism, but also possibly because of the anti-liberal views it expressed. The book makes no bones about glorifying ancient China, with its autocratic government and feudal agrarian economy and its political and social concept of Confucianism as an ideal basis for the modern Chinese state. Its appeal was not to democracy but to nationalism, and it may fairly be called the *Mein Kampf* of China.

### Reason for Chiang Kai-shek's Failure

But within China the Kuomintang, to consolidate its power, had not only to keep the confidence of its trained élite, of its scholar-administrators, but also to do something to meet the needs of the mass of its people, the peasants, whose minds and hearts had been stirred by the revolution. Nevertheless, the Kuomintang could probably have held its own if it had done one thing. That was to produce a land reform policy which would settle the grievances of the peasants, perhaps by reducing rents, collecting taxes honestly, providing loans at a fair interest, and resettling and redistributing the land. Instead of this, Chiang Kai-shek seemed to have only one reply to the peasants—and that was force. But he was caught in a cleft stick by the rise of the communists, and to strike at the communists he had to strike at the peasants. This was probably the fundamental reason why he and his party at last lost China to the communists, who, by contrast, saw the peasants' need and met it.

The details of the struggle between these two parties are complex, but the guide lines are clear enough. The Chinese communists in the nineteen-twenties began by modelling themselves on Russian lines as a workers' party, but gradually, under the guidance of their founder member, Mao Tse-tung, changed their policy and, by the time of the Japanese invasion of 1937, they had become an agrarian party working for rural revolution.

Mao Tse-tung is now just over sixty. Throughout his life he has lived and fought hard, mainly in the craggy hinterland of China. His thick, muscular body is that of the hardened campaigner; his shock of blue-black hair, pursed lips, and wide eyes give him the appearance of a scholar-philosopher, but a philosopher who is also a fanatic, and a scholar who is at home with a gun in his hand. The turning point in his career, and in that of Chinese communism, was the report he made in 1927 on the peasant movement. The stuff of revolution had been lying about in China for centuries, and Mao Tse-tung made a straightforward appreciation of the peasant forces at work. He pleaded passionately that they should be given encouragement to revolt. 'The force of the peasantry', he said, 'is like that of the raging winds and driving rain. It is rapidly increasing in violence. No force can stand in its way. . . . They will bury beneath them all forces of imperialism, militarism, corrupt officialdom, village bosses and evil gentry. Shall we stand in the vanguard and lead them or stand behind them and oppose?' This, of course, was not according to the Russian textbooks. This was not the Russian science of revolution.

Lenin and Stalin had assigned to the peasants a subordinate role, and Trotsky had scorned them as 'the packhorse of history'. But to Mao Tse-tung 'The people are the sea, we are the fish, as long as we can swim in this sea we will survive'. The communists did more than survive—they helped drive out the Japanese; and then turned on the Kuomintang. But they were not sure that they could conquer until they had won over the intellectuals, the scholars, the backbone of any efficient Chinese administration, who in the main had been supporting the Kuomintang. This was the crux of the struggle. I have English friends who taught in Chinese universities in this period. In almost every class, they tell me, there was a Kuomintang spy. Everybody was well aware of it and at first they were amused, but when police action became frequent, callous, and cruel, it ceased to be funny. It was

intolerable. But what had the communists to offer the universities?

In 1950 I went to the Far East and one evening I was invited to dinner with a Chinese family. The father was a headmaster, an exile from China, one of a family of mandarins driven out by the Kuomintang and not certain of the new communist government. While I was struggling with my chopsticks, he argued that the communists could never attract the Chinese intellectuals and scholars, those who still carried the immense prestige of the mandarins, and that, without them, they could not hold China. Particularly he based his argument on the view that Mao Tse-tung came of a peasant family, that he was a man of peasant habits. He reminded me of the evidence of journalists, how Mao Tse-tung, during an interview, had continually turned down his trouser belt searching for fleas; how, when the President of the Red Academy was holding a press conference, Mao Tse-tung sauntered in and flung himself down and, it being a hot day, unconcernedly, in the presence of all, took off his trousers for greater comfort. This sort of man, my friend said, could never attract the scholar. But what he forgot was that Mao Tse-tung was not so much a peasant as the son of a well-to-do farmer, that he was a scholar in his own right, a poet with a reputation, and a man with a passion for philosophy. He had at least something with which to appeal to the educated classes. But, above all, he and his government were known to be honest and efficient. Ultimately the educated classes recognised that the choice was not between some form of democracy and dictatorship, but between a dictatorship which seemed to know its job and one which did not. In my own view it was when the scholars went over to the communists that the struggle within China was settled, and the communists in addition had won an ideological victory. Chiang Kai-shek took refuge in Formosa and in 1949 the Communist Government of China was proclaimed.

The totalitarian aspect of the Kuomintang and of communist rule does not dismay the Chinese people whose mental habits and traditions were formed in the authoritarian empire. China is a nation of well over 400,000,000 people, and she has been subject to natural disasters—floods and famine—on a scale which we cannot begin to imagine. Human life in China has always been held more cheaply than it has in the west. Neither does the notion of being ruled through a communist élite trouble a people who have for so long held the conviction that government is an affair of the educated whose main qualification is a knowledge of the orthodox doctrine. A commissar can take the place of a mandarin without too great a mental adjustment. He is drawn from all manner of groups, members of the Manchu imperial family and relatives of Kuomintang ministers, as well as products of the new people's universities. Essentially, however, he is drawn from the same class which has governed China for 2,000 years. Just as the old methods fit very well into the new pattern, so communism appears to have fitted neatly into the Chinese political scene.

### More than a Revival

Of course, totalitarianism in Asia is far more than a mere revival. For one thing, it takes no account of the Chinese conception of the family. For another it not only subjects the individual to a doctrine, as the empire did, it also has the apparatus to enforce it in detail in every, hole and corner. It also seeks to establish a welfare state, for which the old empire did not, could not, provide. It has to live side by side in daily competition with an opposed ethic, whereas the old empire felt itself to be the world and at the least was insulated against it by its total lack of communication.

But—and I am speaking mainly in terms of government—the mantle of the Chinese empire appears to fit the communists very well. Like the communists, it deemed itself the universal empire inculcating the only kind of civilisation worth the name; like the Marxists, it ruled through an orthodox imposed doctrine; and it was fashioned and imposed by a chosen class of specially trained men.

In saying what I have, I do not wish to be misunderstood. I am not passing judgment on what happened, seeing one government as good and another as bad, but simply trying to explain what I think has happened—and what has happened, I think, is that the wheel has turned full circle. The word revolution for once truly describes what has happened in China. The new state which has risen from the old is not just a great experiment, a marked departure, a leap in the dark, but in part a return to an older tradition, an older mode of government of which the Chinese have a wide experience and a deep understanding. In their communist experiment the Chinese, I believe, have, in some way, clasped hands with their history.—*Home Service*

# 'Venice Preserv'd'

J. M. RICHARDS on an architectural comedy of our times

**I**T all began with an angry letter to *The Times* from Mr. Peter Quennell. He had been visiting Venice, where Italian friends had confided to him their horror at the design that had been made by the American architect, Frank Lloyd Wright, for a new building on the Grand Canal. The site is on the outside of the first sharp bend in the canal, just where the cut leads off towards the railway station, between the Palazzo Foscari and the Palazzo Balbi. The building is to be a students' hostel with a small architectural library, in memory of a young Italian architect, a pupil of Wright's, who recently died. Mr. Quennell, who was shown a sketch of the design, was horrified, too, and said in this letter that he had been asked to rouse English lovers of Venice in opposition to what he described as 'a piece of inexcusable vandalism... grossly out of harmony with the existing architectural pattern'.

This put the cat among the pigeons, and, Venice being Venice, among far more pigeons than those that fly up from the pavement of St. Mark's Square when the gun bangs at noon. The pigeons that roost on London ledges and flutter about innumerable pavements from Pall Mall to Portland Place were agitated and alarmed, for the English pigeon is notoriously nervous in the presence of this particular cat; in the presence, that is, of any threat to alter a well-loved scene.

There are many reasons for this, and most of them emerged in the controversy that Mr. Quennell's letter provoked. It is difficult to imagine a combination of circumstances better designed to arouse English passions. First, there is the Englishman's romantic attachment to the idea, as distinct from the fact, of Venice, which is partly a matter of literary associations—Mr. Quennell inevitably brought Byron and Ruskin into his letter—and partly a matter of personal associations. Venice, to so many people, is the escape city, the one place where it is possible actually to inhabit an unreal world such as otherwise one can enter only vicariously by way of the films; and to many it is the honeymoon city: even people who did not actually spend their honeymoon there have dreamed at one time or another how they might have done—dreamed particularly of the delights of gliding silently along the Grand Canal in a gondola. Were they going to put up with the romantic lullaby of

Italian voices being disturbed by the raucous shouts of a middle-western American?

That brings us to another factor that made this combination of circumstances so explosive: European sensitivity to American push and power. Many people—English and Italian—must have felt, instinctively rather than consciously, that here was still another instance of America reaching out across the Atlantic, not to steal Europe's birthright but to convert it into something alien in which unwelcome values predominated. Of a piece with the pollution of the local vernacular by slang expressions picked up from American films, and the threatened ruin of the French wine-trade by the high-pressure advertising of American soft drinks, was the prospect of the fabulous city of Venice, which has preserved intact everything that was good in European civilisation before America was invented, being invaded at last by an American brand of modernism. The realisation that Venice has

largely been kept going by American tourist dollars tended to increase, not decrease, the resentment; so did the fact that the Frank Lloyd Wright design was exhibited in New York before being disclosed to the Venetians.

There were many other factors involved, but in England the chief concern was the one I started with: the fear of spoiling an architectural masterpiece by permitting the intrusion of anything new. We are sensitive about this in England because it is our problem, too. For many, many years we have been struggling to resolve the conflict between our desire to preserve the character of places we are fond of and our knowledge that by regarding them as untouchable we only turn them into museums of dead stones.

We have lacked confidence in our ability to create anything ourselves that will be as good of its kind as the old architecture was of its kind. Therefore we have temporised and sentimentalised and blown hot and cold about preserving this and safeguarding that, and meanwhile expediency—the sheer pressure of events—aided by inertia, has prevented us in practice from preserving anything more than bits and pieces here, and the outward form but not the spirit there; so that while we support the National Trust and the Historic Buildings Council we allow Oxford to become an industrial town, the cathedral close at Gloucester to be turned



The Grand Canal, Venice: the proposed building by Frank Lloyd Wright, the design for which is shown below, would stand on the site now occupied by the low building in the centre of the photograph



into a car-park, and the City of London to be rebuilt with monstrous unrelated blocks of offices, piece by brutal piece. What gives us a bad conscience, rightly, is not the fact of Oxford having factories and chain-stores as well as colleges, or the City having to face the prospect of a skyline no longer dominated by the dome of St. Paul's and the spires of the Wren churches, but the fact that the process is taking place as though we did not care about quality and civilised values.

We explain away what we are doing to our own cities by pretending to ourselves that it has all somehow been taken out of our hands, but we look on ancient Italian cities as places where the impact of the new on the old is far less destructive; where the machinery of modernisation has been made to work; or, in the case of Venice, where modernisation simply has not taken place. We go there on holiday to enjoy this very thing.

### The Other Side of the Case

That is why the preservationist attitude, with its disbelief that the new can do anything but destroy the old, came out so strongly in the letters to *The Times*, and the comments in other places, that followed Mr. Quennell's protest. But this was not the only view put forward. There were a number of able and intelligent statements of the other side of the case. We were reminded that in Venice the existing architectural pattern, to which Mr. Quennell had referred, is as varied as it could possibly be; that Venice is the product of continuous growth over centuries: the romanesque superimposed on the Byzantine, the gothic on the romanesque, the renaissance, the baroque, the neoclassical, the nineteenth century all having their turn. Why, it was argued, stop there? The twentieth century must be allowed to make its impact, too, and, what could be more suitable than that a city which had been enriched by the master designers of so many generations should be enriched now by the work of one of the greatest living architects?

Extreme opinion went further, and held that the trouble with Venice was that it had already allowed itself to be turned into a museum; what it needed was a revitalising breath from the present. In effect it was said that Venice is a sleeping beauty, patiently waiting for the happy event that will awaken her from her dream world—waiting, as the saying goes, till Mr. Right comes along.

The problems that arise when new buildings have to be juxtaposed to old have been thrashed out often enough. The odd thing about this case was that so violent a dislike of the Venetian project was expressed by people who had no clear idea of what Mr. Wright's design really looked like. Mr. Quennell had simply mentioned a building of glass and stone; and for the time being no drawing, for reasons it seemed of local politics, could be made public. Mr. Wright himself was applied to in America but, offended by the attacks already made he refused to furnish a drawing either.

Nevertheless, the controversy continued, the opposition making wilder and wilder assumptions about what was really proposed, and it seemed with very little acquaintance with the principles of modern architecture or with the work of its leading exponents. The sequence of associations in people's minds seems to have been something like this: Frank Lloyd Wright—modern American architecture—enormous skyscrapers—modern building techniques—steel and concrete and glass façades. Impassioned pleas were made to save the Grand Canal from an American skyscraper, from vast modern jam-factories, from all-glass façades. Some went so far as to ask whether, in the circumstances, even so revolutionary an architect as Mr. Wright could not be persuaded to build with stone walls and pay regard to the *genius loci*, the makers of this plea not apparently being aware that Mr. Wright was accustomed to build in stone, that his special contribution to modern architecture was his life-long insistence on the importance of the *genius loci*, and that his life-long *bête noire* was the international style of steel and glass architecture with which these critics were confusing his own.

Confusion was made worse by the loyal modernists who rallied to the defence of the supposed glass façade by pointing out that many ancient Venetian buildings had façades that virtually were all glass, and that no affront to tradition was therefore proposed. And then Mr. Wright himself joined in, with a statement to *The Times* New York correspondent in which he described his design as a 'living expression of admiration and respect for the old Venetian culture', and declared that it hardly became Englishmen to grumble in view of England's record as a destroyer of ancient cultures herself.

After this the controversy lapsed, because even the enthusiasts could not indefinitely go on arguing about a design none of them had seen.

But in due course *The Times* did obtain, and publish, a drawing showing the façade of Mr. Wright's building. This produced surprise and consternation, for it revealed that the cause of all the excitement was an arty little building, very little taller than the dilapidated mansion it is to replace, and certainly not of a height to threaten, as many had assumed, the Palazzo Balbi next door. It has a blockily modelled façade with square marble balconies, projecting marble fins between the windows, and a strange vertical ribbon, or ornament, butting on to the gable wall of the building alongside; not particularly Venetian, and so old-fashioned in style that it might have been pulled out of a drawer of Mr. Wright's unexecuted designs of around 1920.

Out of the heaving mountain thus emerged a small *art nouveau* mouse, hardly fierce enough to justify the storm it had created. But if the laugh is on the critics for the rash assumptions they had made, is it unfair to feel irritation at Mr. Wright for having, by the acceptance of this commission, put, as I said, the cat among the pigeons and then fobbing us off with a tame, though somewhat angular, pussy-cat with a ribbon round its neck, more ready to purr than to pounce?

It will be said, if we turn on Mr. Wright for not being modern enough, that an architect can design only what he thinks is fitting, and is not concerned with other people's expectations. Yet we can reasonably regret that what had begun to look like a test case should end without the test in fact being made. It has been an instructive little comedy, illustrating many misconceptions about modern architecture on the part of the public; misconceptions about Frank Lloyd Wright, also on the part of the public; and misconceptions about modern architecture on the part of Frank Lloyd Wright. But it is sad that it leaves the main question unanswered: when we of the mid-twentieth century build in a historic setting, have we the courage to speak with our own voice and the skill to do so with positive effect? A satisfactory answer in Venice would have pointed the moral nearer home, where the challenge is becoming daily more urgent: in Coventry and Bristol and Oxford and Exeter, and, above all, in the City of London.—*Third Programme*

## The Poet's Farewell to his Muse

Goodbye Tom Pretty  
I'm off to the city  
Its yellow lights leering.  
Soft as spring weather  
My breeches of leather  
And the silk shirt I'm wearing

Tom Pretty, peruse  
In the mirror of shoes  
My honey-bright parting.  
Sparkling my mare  
Strikes the stone stair,  
I must be starting.

My doxy she sighs  
And wet are her eyes  
But the weeping sea's wetter,  
And Tom Pretty, soon  
The corruptible moon  
Says I'll go one better.

When winter came down  
On the terrible town  
And beat his black sabre,  
I rode in the rain  
His prison of pain  
And found no neighbour.

Tom Pretty, your head  
From your true-love's bed  
Turn at my calling.  
The Furies ride  
At my speared side  
And the snow is falling.

CHARLES CAUSLEY

# 'Stately Sorrow'

ERNEST NEWMAN on the music of Sir Edward Elgar

**A**T no time is it so difficult to see an artist or a man of letters steadily and whole as it is in the first decade or so after his death; for it is generally during that time that unfavourable reaction to him gathers head in some quarters. Why this should be I do not know: it partly comes about, I suppose, from the delusion of each generation that it is wiser than its immediate predecessor; there is always a multitude of voluble people who honestly believe that the one and only right view of any matter was denied poor stumbling, fumbling humanity until *they* condescended to appear on earth. This passion for disparaging what is nearest to us in backward time is no new thing. We can trace it back in literature alone a good 2,000 years; for Vergil had hardly been laid in his grave before certain critics were demonstrating to their own satisfaction what an exceedingly bad poet he had been. So again when Goethe died in 1832: far from being recognised and reverenced as a glory of German poetry he was denied by certain critics even the minor distinction of having written decent German.

This farce, then, is as old as the hills, and will presumably last as long as they. So let us not take too seriously the disapproval of Elgar that is voiced in some quarters today. Let us rather take it for granted that his appeal to a large section of the musical community is as strong at present as, let us say, that of Strauss or Mahler or Sibelius or any other great contemporary, or near-contemporary, figure, and that this esteem for him is likely to continue; and let us try to discover what manner of mind his was.

It has often been surmised that it would have made all the difference in the world to a man had he been born some ten years earlier or ten years later. Elgar was undoubtedly unlucky in the choice of his year of birth, and, consequently, of his earlier musical environment. The England he knew first, and that first knew him, was a rather provincial England, provincial as regards both its standards of musical culture and its ideals of musical performance. How it can advantage an artist to be born into the right environment and at the right time can be seen at a glance by comparing the case of Elgar with that of Richard Strauss.

It was not until he was about forty that Elgar really began to make his mark on English music outside the Worcestershire territory: in 1899, when the 'Enigma Variations' appeared, he was forty-two; 'Gerontius' followed in 1900. But Strauss, having had the good fortune to be born some seven years later than Elgar, and in a country more actively and fundamentally musical, was already the talk of Germany in his early twenties: in the two years from 1887 to 1889, that is to say when he was between twenty-three and twenty-five, he had produced four orchestral works—'Aus Italien', 'Macbeth', 'Don Juan', and 'Tod und Verklärung'—that still hold their place in the concert repertory. As for Elgar, 'The Apostles' did not see the light until 1903, 'The Kingdom' following in 1906. What was intended to be the third member of this vast oratorio trilogy was never completed, perhaps in some measure because Elgar's mind in his late fifties was turning away from oratorio to opera—a line which it might have been better for him, in all probability, to have followed up some twenty years earlier.

His first symphony, which made him unquestionably a world figure, appeared in 1908, when he was fifty-one; and the following eleven years saw the production of a series of instrumental works of a high order—the second symphony, the symphonic poem 'Falstaff', the violin

concerto, the 'cello concerto, the violin and piano sonata, the string quartet, and the piano quintet. In the course of time he managed to outgrow spiritually the troubled war period of 1914-1918 and the years of peace immediately following, years which we can now see to have been, for the whole world, deceptively full of promises of rebirth. What he no doubt hoped would be the supreme expression of his ripe old age, a third symphony, had not progressed very far beyond the sketching stage at the time of his death.

We hear rather less now than we used to do about the 'Edwardian' quality of his music; but as that nonsensical term still creeps into British musical criticism occasionally we may as well give it a moment's consideration. Elgar is supposed, in some unkindly-disposed quarters, to have aimed consciously at expressing in his music what was least admirable in the epoch known as the Edwardian.

But in the first place that epoch was quite a good one to have spent the middle years of one's life in, as all will testify today who were vouchsafed that privilege. As epochs go the Edwardian was in many ways greatly superior to either the following Georgian era or the present second-Elizabethan: and if anyone of the youngest generation of my listeners is inclined to question that statement I can only condole with him in the wise words of a popular stage humorist of the Edwardian epoch—'it's a blessing that you never miss the things you've never had'. It is true that for a considerable number of years it somehow fell to Elgar's lot to be a sort of unofficial composer laureate of this country, and our experiences in official verse-making during the last 100 years or so ought to have warned us against expecting too much from a laureate musician. Elgar's patriotic



Sir Edward Elgar, who died on February 23, 1934

music, though far from being his best, is at all events better than anything in a similar vein that the present generation has produced. It was the colourful pageantry of empire parade and of peace-time military manoeuvres and all the rest of it that appealed to Elgar, not the silly jingoism that was at one time associated by the weaker heads among us with matters of that sort; and it was a sorry day for him when he was weak enough to adapt the grand marching tune of the trio of the first 'Pomp and Circumstance' March to the patriotic doggerel of 'Land of Hope and Glory', and hand it over to the contraltos and the conductors to do their worst with it.

In what I have been saying so far I have been trying only to cut away some of the dead wood that has accumulated, with the passage of the years, at the roots of the great tree of Elgar's best music. I have tried to absolve him of the charge of being an 'Edwardian' in the worst sense of that too-comprehensive word, and to point out that some of his weaknesses came from the fact that he was born in a hardly musical environment at an inauspicious time, and so compelled to waste a good many of his formative years in fighting his way out of the British oratorio and cantata conventions of his period, to find ultimately his real musical self and, by doing so, to place this country, as it were, on the musical map of Europe once for all. This he emphatically did in the series of great orchestral works that began with the first symphony in 1908. These, I think, will ensure his survival beyond mere temporary changes of taste, for they are peculiarly rich in the expression of the thoughts and emotions most fundamental and most enduring in mankind.

The poets and the musicians always think and feel ahead of the

rest of us; it is they who are the first to sense that a culture apparently firmly based is already in decline. Nothing could be more indicative of Elgar's real greatness than the fact that this mid-Victorian product of backwater British provincialism should have developed into a musician as well equipped as any of his German colleagues—Mahler or Strauss—to sing the swan song of a civilisation that was already nearing its end before the dramatic devastation of two great wars overwhelmed it. This philosophical, elegiac element is the one that I myself find most moving in Elgar's music; and the curious thing is that we find it foreshadowed in him from almost his earliest, most provincial, days. In 1893 he published a Serenade in E minor for string orchestra, Op. 20, the first and third movements of which are negligible today. But the short Adagio is remarkable as containing in embryo the Elgar of the great expressive movements of his much later years: we have in essence his mature adagio style, with its tense feeling seeking expression in wide intervals and nervously mounting phrases.

I could recall for you by the hundred specimens of this type of expression in the maturest Elgar. But I think you will be able to recall some of them for yourselves without much difficulty. They all bear

his unmistakable signature, and in their totality they represent that element of philosophy touched by beauty, or, if you prefer it, beauty touched by philosophy, which for me is Elgar at his most movingly and enduringly Elgarian. It is this sunset quality, as we may call it, that appeals to me most in Elgar's music. I think he himself was conscious of it and prized it, and it was he, I think, who found the right epithet for it in the end. I went to Worcester several times to see him in his last days, both in the nursing home and afterwards in his own house, to which he was moved early in 1934. In the nursing home his mind was always running on the new symphony that meant so much to him but which he was fated never to complete. On December 22 and 28 he sent me from the home some citations from the Adagio, accompanying them on the latter occasion with the following words in the margin of the music paper: 'I send you my stately sorrow; naturally what follows brings hope'. 'Stately, sorrow'—that is an admirable characterisation of the quality in his best music to which I have been referring: sorrow not for himself but for a decaying civilisation, the end of the world of the spirit as he and those like-minded with him had known it.—*Home Service*

I Remember . . .

## Friendships at Cambridge

By GILBERT MURRAY, O.M.

CAMBRIDGE has in my memories a place different from that of any other university. It was a treat to go there. One was a guest and made much of; there were sure to be exciting conversations and festivities. My introduction to Cambridge was due to Euripides. I was working at a critical text of that tragedian for the Oxford Press, and Verrall, a Fellow of Trinity, was the leading Euripides scholar in England, so I naturally wanted to consult him.

Staying with the Verrals was a treat in itself: a house so full of hospitality and courtesy and wit; and such interesting talks with Verrall about Euripidean problems and most of the other things in the world, and with Mrs. Verrall about psychical research, in which she was an expert critic. And through the Verrals I came to know Jane Harrison, in whose epoch-making *Prologomena to Greek Religion*, and its sequel, *Themis*, I was privileged to co-operate. Through her I came to Bertrand Russell, and Cornford, afterwards Professor of Ancient Philosophy, who remained my valued friends through life. There were others, too, George Trevelyan and A. B. Cook and brilliant young people like Rupert Brooke the poet, who is reported to have said in his haste that no one over the age of thirty had any conversation worth listening to. Perhaps the rule was not absolute; for I remember once when Bertrand Russell and Cornford and I had had a long philosophical discussion, a young American lady was good enough to remark that 'the boys were very bright this morning'.

Then I remember meetings of the Heretics Club, and exciting rehearsals of Milton's 'Comus', in which Cornford was the wicked enchanter, while Rupert Brooke made a most spirit-like spirit. Then there were circles which invited me to read them various of my translations of Greek plays, and listened to them with an interest of the sort that makes a writer's heart purr within him. My daughter, too, made great friends in Cambridge, and young Darwins and Maitlands extended the range of friendship and added to the charm of the atmosphere. It is strange to think how the great figures of these vivid times are all dispersed or passed away; with only a few, like Bertrand Russell and me, left to look back on them. Verrall died in 1912; he had the good fortune just to miss the first war. My co-operation with Jane Harrison became somewhat less close after the appearance of her second great book, *Themis*, in 1912. And though after that I did from time to time visit Cambridge, things were no longer the same. There was a great gap.

Another period broke out, however, in 1922, when my old friend Bertha Phillpotts, the Icelandic scholar, became Mistress of Girton. I began staying at Cambridge again, and not without a touch of the old youth and gaiety. For I remember a visit to Professor Chadwick, the Professor of Anglo-Saxon. His house was at the end of a garden, and you entered by ringing at the garden gate. But the bell of that gate was broken, and the Professor never had time to get it mended; so nobody could get in. If you wished to call, you telephoned beforehand or sent a postcard to say you would be at the gate at such and such a time, then he would come and open it for you. But one day I wanted to see Chadwick and there was no time to write. However, the Mistress of Girton was equal to the emergency. She guided me through the yard of a public house to a little recess by Chadwick's back wall. There, there was a small window, not very high, and practicable to persons of average agility. We both climbed through, landed in a boot hole, and thence made our way to the Professor's study. This also was a very endearing experience.

It will perhaps be difficult for those who did not know him to understand the admiration which Verrall commanded as a scholar and a teacher. His published work naturally consists largely of the

matters on which he had something original and unorthodox to say, and on such points one who opposes a great consensus of opinion cannot expect to be very often right. I often differed from his conclusions; indeed, he once said that Murray accepted nearly five per cent. of his theories, which was a good deal more than most people. But his discussions were wonderful.

I should note two points about him. One, his scholarship was impeccable, up to the strictest Cambridge standard and never to be deceived. Two, he was never the victim of mere custom or convention. He looked at every problem afresh; and if you insisted on the well-known stiff conventions of Greek drama, he would point out boldly that those conventions are only deduced from the texts of the dramas themselves, and if the text properly understood leads to a different conclusion we have no right to tell it that it is not observing its conventions. For example, any new character appearing on the Greek stage usually has his name announced beforehand: someone says, 'Here is so-and-so coming', so that you know at once who the newcomer is. But once or twice in our MSS. a character seems to be heard talking outside,



Professor A. W. Verrall

By courtesy of the Master and  
Fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge

and comes on talking, unannounced. All commentators, as a matter of course, say the text is defective. Some lines must have been left out, announcing the newcomer and giving the beginning of his speech. Verrall seizes with pleasure on the irregularity. Why should not a poet sometimes vary his custom? Does he not get a good effect by so doing? He welcomed every chance of variation or irregularity, and certainly succeeded in making the exposition of the plays much more interesting.

Euripides not only introduced me to Cambridge, but for some years took me regularly behind the scenes of the English theatre. I had long been a student of modern French plays, from Victor Hugo onwards, and was much excited by Ibsen, who was just beginning to be known in England through William Archer's translations. I had also written two plays of my own, on subjects which would have been much more appropriate twenty or thirty years later; one, a peace play, based on the story of Andromache, wife of Hector; the other, a modern study of an utterly unscrupulous dictator, somewhat like those whom we have seen since, but decidedly less unattractive. I sent this latter, 'Carlyon Sahib', to one or two managers, and then ventured to send it to Archer. He was interested and showed it to Bernard Shaw, and that was the beginning of my friendship with those two eminent men. Archer showed me ways to improve 'Carlyon'; Shaw said: 'No, it is quite a decent play as it is. Leave it alone and write others. When you have written half a dozen you will have the knack'. (This was very much his own history.) But both men were more interested in the verse translations of one or two plays of Euripides which I was then attempting. Archer persuaded a private theatrical society to put on the 'Hippolytus' at the Lyric Theatre for four nights, with Edith Olive for Phaedra, Brydon for Theseus, and Granville Barker for the Messenger. It had a *succès de curiosité*. On the fourth night I found

a queue reaching a long way down Shaftesbury Avenue, and thought I must have come to the wrong theatre.

After that, for a few years, Euripides was a regular author at the Court Theatre under the Barker-Vedrenne management, together with Shaw, Galsworthy, and one or two others. Shaw used to say that the Greek plays were more true to life than most modern plays, because people at that time really did behave in that way, whereas now such behaviour is only a romantic pretence. Some beautiful performances of the Euripides plays were given, notably by Barker

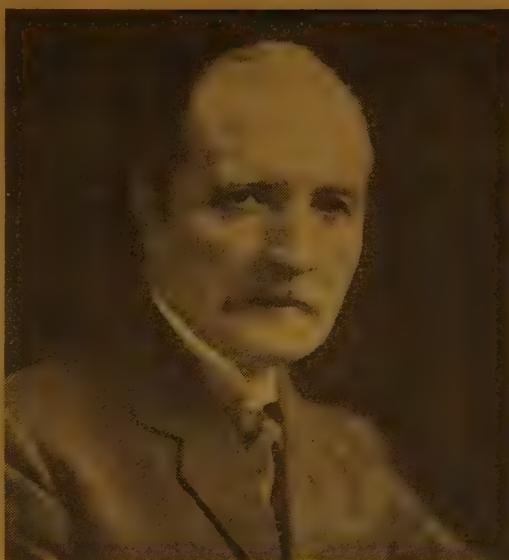


Harley Granville Barker

himself, by Lewis Casson, and one or two of the Phaedras. But we never solved the problem of the chorus, and the Greek plays in the main fell a victim to the change of taste that followed the first world war.

Of the two men to whom I owed so much, Shaw is so well known by innumerable anecdotes that I need not speak of him. But I will say one thing. Possessing an extraordinary power of making people and things ridiculous, I never heard him say a malicious or really unkind thing. I once suggested to him that he should write a sequel to 'The Taming of the Shrew', in which Catharine, when married to Petruchio, should completely twist him round her finger by allowing him, from time to time, to give exhibitions of her ostentatious obedience. He said, 'I can't, I'm doing a play called "Murray's Mother-in-Law"'. That was, of course, 'Major Barbara', in which I and, still more, my wife are pictured or caricatured. His ridicule never left a sting behind, but I think he never quite felt at his ease with you until he had somehow seen you as a thing to laugh at.

As for Archer, as time went on he became a friend to me, almost like a brother. There is hardly anyone whom I remember so often and miss so much. I will say no more of him, except to mention a little book he wrote in 1911, long before the world began to think of a



William Archer

League of Nations. It was called *The Great Analysis*, and was a scheme for a great international society, with nationalist and sectarian barriers broken down. It was thought out in considerable detail and recognised as only likely to be realisable after the nations had been united by some gigantic common disaster.

I enjoyed our times at the Court Theatre, and liked most of the actors whom I knew. They were so quick in the uptake and ready to

take suggestions even from an outsider like myself. Perhaps I met only a rather select group, but I made some real friends among them, such as the two Cassons, Sir Lewis and Dame Sybil, and our dear Penelope Wheeler, who toured untiringly with Greek plays and somehow induced her company to believe in them. And, of course, a specially intimate friend was the actor and producer, Granville Barker.

Barker was a real artist. When rehearsing the 'Hippolytus', I remember his going through the Messenger's speech with me thirteen times one morning, in the country; and he got out of it effects which, with all my study, I had never known to be there. The long narrative was a new form of art to the English stage, though not, of course, to the French. It produced great effect with him and with Lewis Casson, and led to effective experiments on the same lines by Masefield, Wilfred Blunt, and others.

Barker was a fine actor, a splendid producer, but not on the whole a successful playwright. Always under the influence of Shaw, he obeyed Shaw's professed principles instead of following his real practice. Shaw in his criticism ridiculed melodrama and romance, but in his plays plunged into them and enjoyed them. Barker dutifully abstained from them; and consequently plays like 'Waste' or 'The Voysey Inheritance' seemed rather to smoulder with fire underneath but never quite to burst into flame. It was a great loss to the stage when he left it, though his essays on the production of Shakespeare are of real value, both to actors who do not know much literature and to literary critics who are not at home on the stage. Barker in his later years lived in Paris near the American Embassy, in a square which was originally called *Place de la Biche*; but since by many Americans the last word was apt to be sometimes mispronounced and misunderstood, the name was discreetly changed to *Place des Etats Unis*.—*Home Service*

## Superstition

This is the child whose mother was deceived;  
For being six months gone, she saw a hare  
Leap before the headlights of her car.  
She shrugged the incident away, but grieved  
Secretly, and when the birth drew near  
She braved the twentieth century, and told  
Her husband, like some Christian wife of old,  
Laughing and weeping as she voiced her fear.

But was she justified? Her infant wore  
No vile insignia; no palate cleft,  
No furry patch upon its fairy skin.  
Indeed, the little prodigy was more  
Than mortal, its eye looked neither right nor left,  
It spoke no word, it knew no human sin.

RICHARD CHURCH

# Big Accelerating Machines of Nuclear Physics

The second of three talks on modern physics by P. M. S. BLACKETT

LAST time\* I discussed the early days of nuclear physics. I observed that a large part of our knowledge of the structure and properties of the atomic nuclei had been acquired by shooting alpha particles at them and watching what happened. One of the reasons why the subject advanced rather slowly in the nineteen-twenties was that these sources gave out far fewer alpha particles than we could have wished. This made experiments very slow and tedious. I well remember spending hours in a darkened room with Professor Rutherford, excitedly but rather wearily counting a very few weak scintillations in a microscope.

Many physicists had thought how valuable it would be if one could make powerful beams of artificially accelerated alpha particles and protons, to replace the natural alpha particles from radioactive sources. The problem was how to accelerate the particles to a sufficient energy, estimated to be at least 1,000,000 volts. The problem was one of electrical engineering. So physicists had to get engineering help or themselves become engineers.

It was an electrical engineer turned physicist—now Sir John Cockcroft and Director of the Atomic Energy Research Establishment at Harwell—who in 1932, with a physicist, Walton, first succeeded in disintegrating nuclei with artificially accelerated particles. Several years of hard work, mainly engineering, preceded the final success. This was done in much the same way that the high tension supply to the valves of an ordinary radio set is produced; only the required transformers, condensers, and rectifying valves were vastly bigger. Cockcroft and Walton made the valves themselves out of big glass tubes and metal plates with the joints sealed with modelling clay. These two workers used a most ingenious electronic circuit consisting of rectifying valves and condensers, by which an alternating current supply at 300,000 volts could be multiplied up to give nearly 1,000,000 volts steady potential.

When we speak of a particle of 1,000,000 volts energy, we mean that the particle has the energy it would acquire by being accelerated by an electric potential of 1,000,000 volts. To compare this with familiar things, it will be remembered that the highest peak potential of the electric power lines of the super grid is only about 350,000 volts.

With this high potential, Cockcroft and Walton accelerated protons down a long tube and let them pass out through a thin window. They then allowed the protons to strike a metal target, which in the first experiment was made of the light element lithium. By placing a

zinc sulphide screen near the target, bright scintillations were observed, and these could be shown to be due to alpha particles coming from the bombarded lithium target. What clearly had happened was that a proton of mass 1 had struck a lithium atom of mass 7 and joined up with it. Then the resulting nucleus of mass 8 broke up at once into two alpha particles each of mass 4. The first disintegration of a nucleus



The machine with which Cockcroft and Walton first succeeded, in 1932, in disintegrating nuclei with artificially accelerated particles

by an artificially accelerated particle had been achieved, and so a vast field of experimentation in nuclear physics had been opened up. Cockcroft and Walton accelerating sets are now in operation in dozens of laboratories all over the world.

In the same year, 1932, another brilliant advance was made. Lawrence and Livingston in California invented the cyclotron. This is a most ingenious device for accelerating particles by making them go round in circular orbits in a strong magnetic field. On each revolution they are given a small kick forward on their way by means of an alternating electric field. In the first, small, cyclotron the particles being accelerated spiralled round in the magnetic field some 100 times. Since at each turn they gained some 10,000 volts, they ended up with 1,000,000 volts energy. Cyclotrons to give energies up to 10,000,000 or 20,000,000 volts quickly became very popular machines, and many were built in many countries. Cambridge, Liverpool, and Birmingham Universities all have cyclotrons in their physics departments.

There is a limit, however, to the energy to which a cyclotron can accelerate a particle. This is set by the queer property of nature that when a particle travels very fast it gets heavier. This property was predicted by Einstein in his famous theory of relativity. As a result, the particles revolving round in a cyclotron get out of step with the alternating accelerating field and so cease to be speeded up. To reach really high energies some new idea was required. This, as so often happens, occurred to two men almost at the same time, in 1945, to McMillan in California and to Veksler in Russia. The trick was to change both the frequency of the accelerating voltage and the strength of the magnetic field in such a way as to keep pace with the change of mass of the particles as they went faster.

The new machines are variously called synchrocyclotrons, proton or electron-synchrotron, according to their precise function and design. Several synchro-



The cosmotron at Brookhaven National Laboratory, Upton, New York, which generates protons of 2,900,000,000 volts

cyclotrons are now in use in the United States, giving particles of energy up to 450,000,000 volts. A synchro-cyclotron giving 180,000,000 volt protons has been in use for the last few years at Harwell. A bigger one is being built at the physics department of Liverpool University, under the direction of Professor Skinner. This has a magnet weighing 1,600 tons, and it will give protons of 400,000,000 volts. An electron-synchrotron to give 300,000,000 volt particles is also being built at Glasgow University under the direction of Professor Dee.

One of the most important variants of this class of machine is called the proton-synchrotron, and needs a much lighter magnet. This was first devised by Professor Oliphant in Birmingham in 1946. Since Professor Oliphant returned to his home country, Australia, this big project has been under the direction of Professor Moon. It now gives protons of about 1,000,000,000 volts energy, and is the first machine in Europe to reach the billion-volt region. But the first of these proton-synchrotrons to work, and the biggest so far, is the American cosmotron at Brookhaven on Long Island. This gives 2,900,000,000 volt protons—the highest yet. But still bigger ones are being planned to get up to some 30,000,000,000 volts. One of these is to be at Brookhaven and one at Geneva. Since the cost of such huge machines is so great, they are outside the reach of many smaller countries. So some dozen European nations have joined together to build such a machine in a special international laboratory to be set up at Geneva. British scientists and engineers are playing an active part, together with their European and American colleagues, in the design work for this exciting project.

To give you some idea of what these big machines are like and of the engineering problems to be faced, I will tell you a few details about the Brookhaven cosmotron. First comes the magnet. This is shaped like a huge circular ring with a diameter of 60 feet. The cross-section of the magnet is about 8 feet by 8 feet, and the weight of the steel in it is 2,000 tons. In a deep annular groove in the outside of this ring-shaped magnet is a circular tube, completely evacuated of air by means of a battery of huge vacuum pumps. Into the empty tube a pulse of protons with 3,000,000 volt energy is injected from a small subsidiary accelerating machine. The particles travel round the magnet in a nearly circular orbit, keeping always within the hollow tube. Each time they go round they are given an extra 1,000 volts of energy by means of an accelerating voltage applied at a particular point in the tube. So, to reach 2,000,000,000 volts, they have to travel round the magnet 2,000,000 times, and it takes them one second to do this. In this time each particle travels 100,000 miles. To keep the particles going round and properly accelerated, it is necessary to keep changing the magnetic field in the magnet and also the frequency of the accelerating voltage. And these changes have to take place in a very precise and

co-ordinated manner. Each five seconds it produces a beam of 10,000,000,000 protons of energy 2,900,000,000 volts.

In my next talk I will say something of the experiments that have been made with these vast machines and of how they have helped us to learn more about the fundamental nature of matter. Now I want to emphasise again the great change in the scale and organisation of experimental nuclear physics since the pioneer experiments of the early Rutherford epoch. The individual worker has had to be replaced by the team. Electrical engineers, physicists, mathematicians, and craftsmen have to work together for several years to design and build a cosmotron. So many people have a hand in the design and construction that one cannot easily single out any one person as its creator. The team building the Brookhaven cosmotron numbered about eighty persons, and it took them some four years to finish it. It cost £2,000,000.

I have not nearly come to the end of the list of big accelerating machines. In fact, there are two more important types in use. One of these, the Van der Graaff generator, resembles the Cockcroft and Walton machine in that the particles are accelerated down a long tube by a high potential. But the Van der Graaff high potential is produced electrostatically: in fact, by means of a fabric belt driven by an electric motor. This belt carries electrostatic charges up to the top of the tube and so charges it up to a potential of a few million volts. There are many of these machines in Britain, at Cambridge, at Imperial College, at Harwell, and several in industrial research laboratories and in hospitals. They are particularly useful for investigating the detailed structure of nuclei, as they give intense beams of very constant energy.

Lastly comes the linear accelerator. This consists of a long tube down which the particles are accelerated by means of a high frequency radio wave. In one type, the particle gets a number of separate accelerations as it goes down the tube; in another the particle 'surf rides' down the tube on the steep front slope of a radio wave. Linear accelerators are proving most useful instruments for accelerating electrons to, say, 10,000,000 volts to make X-rays for medical purposes. Several are being installed in British hospitals.

Recently the British Government has authorised the construction of a very big linear accelerator at Harwell. This, when completed, which should be in four years' time, will be the most powerful machine of its kind in the world. It will cost £1,500,000. It will be nearly 300 yards long and will give a very strong beam of protons of 600,000,000 volt energy.

I have now come to the end of this catalogue of big machines. You may well ask: 'Why do we spend so much money and effort on building them?' This is a reasonable question, and I hope that what I say in my next talk will provide a satisfactory answer.—*Home Service*

## The Indian Way of Thought

By JOHN SEYMOUR

**N**OT by abstention from works', said the Lord Krishna, 'does a man obtain freedom from evil. Not by mere renunciation does he attain perfection'. The god was making one of Hinduism's recurrent attempts to counter excessive other-worldliness.

I had the luck to attend (as an honorary, unofficial, supernumerary student) the first school organised by the Government of India to train officers to run the new Community Projects Scheme. The words of Krishna, as recorded in the Bhagavad Gita, were constantly quoted to us by people who came to exhort the future Project Officers to greater efforts. 'The renunciation of works', said the Lord Krishna, 'and their unselfish performance, can both lead to the soul's salvation. But of the two the unselfish performance of works is better than their renunciation'. The secretary of our school evidently did not think so. He did not subscribe to the Lord Krishna's view. He was a typical, young, western-educated Indian, who performed his work with great efficiency. But at the end of the term he made us a farewell speech in which he informed us that this secretaryship was the last job that he would ever take. He intended to go into an *ashram* and take the robe. He would become a contemplative. He did not believe any more in action. No good could come of action: only evil. He wished the Community

Projects every success—but he would not take any part in them.

Not less remarkable than this young man's statement was the way in which it was received by my fellow students. No one showed any surprise, and certainly no amusement. One imagines the ribald comment which might greet such a disclosure in an equivalent group in the west. And the man who got up to reply said that we all fully appreciated the secretary's sentiments, and, indeed, that every true Indian had in him the desire eventually to retire from the world, and to lead a life of contemplation.

But apart from this world-renouncing secretary, everyone at the school showed considerable fervour to do good by works—under, of course, that weary façade of cynicism that the contemporary westernised man finds it necessary to maintain. The secretary was in a minority of one. But it was among the rest of us—among the people who agreed with Sri Krishna—that I found the most interesting division of opinion. And this was a fundamental difference of opinion as to what sort of action to take. There were among us some people whom I heard described, perhaps unkindly, as the 'wild men'. They were men dressed in *khadi*, or homespun, *dhotis* and *gibas*, many of them with shaven heads, others wearing Congress caps, and they had the light of fanaticism in their eyes. Mostly they were followers of the late Mahatma Gandhi.

These people were as much in favour of doing good by works as anybody else in the school—but they differed from the rest of the student body in the manner in which they wished to do it. Their point of view was very well put to us in the last of the speeches in which the Bhagavad Gita was quoted.

### Arjuna's Choice

This peroration was made by an old man—an old associate of Mahatma Gandhi. He was wandering about the roads and villages of India, preaching the Gandhian code, and he just happened to be passing by Nikokherri at the time. And he was asked in—on the spur of the moment—to speak to us. He was incredibly worn and thin, dressed as Gandhi used to dress, and he spoke more movingly and affectingly to us than any of the other speakers, politicians and others, who had come to exhort us. He told us how the Gita describes the choice that Lord Krishna gave to the hero Arjuna during the great battle described in the Mahabharata. 'Either', said Krishna, 'you can have my own help in this battle, or you can have that of my army. But if you choose my personal help my army will have to go and help the enemy to fight against you, for that is fair. And if you choose to have my help, and not that of my army, I will not carry arms nor take any action in the battle. Except that I will drive your chariot and give you advice'. Arjuna, who did not know then that his friend Krishna was God, unhesitatingly chose to have Krishna—unarmed—to help him, even though he knew that this meant that Krishna's well-equipped army would go over and help the enemy.

After telling us this story the old man said: 'Now do not let India make the mistake that Arjuna avoided. Do not let us take the material help—the foreign money, the machines, the chemicals, the weapons—and neglect the spirit and the essence of Mother India. For we cannot have both'.

The old man's speech could hardly have been expected to please the American Agricultural Extension Officers who were with us, nor did it altogether appeal to the majority of my fellow-students. The latter were not a representative sample of Indian manhood: they were mostly drawn from the old British-trained Civil Services, and they were highly westernised. Most of them felt that India should take all the material help that she could get from the west, and that Indians must develop a more materialistic attitude to life before they can do much good to their country. But the 'wild men' liked the speech.

There seem to me to be here three separate and conflicting points of view. First, that of our secretary, who wished that nobody should take any action at all. Secondly, that of the majority of the students, who wished to see India develop, in a modified way, along the lines of the Industrial Revolution. And, thirdly, that of the followers of Mahatma Gandhi who wished certainly to take action but who wished to take it in an Indian way, and to avoid at all costs western materialism.

The secretary represented a tendency which Hinduism has always shown to move towards abstention from action. The interpolation of Bhagavad Gita into the far older epic of the Mahabharata was one of many attempts to counteract this tendency from within Hinduism. The founding of the Arya Samaj within recent years was another. At the present time, India is not in a world-renouncing mood, and our secretary does not represent an important or a powerful faction. Our 'wild men', our American advisers, our westernised civil servants, our old follower of Gandhiji were all agreed that action must be taken. But they were divided on what sort of action to take, and, more important, they were divided on what to take action for. Some of them said: 'Follow the west. Learn what we can from America and Europe'. The others said: 'Do not adopt the materialism of the west'. And it is this latter difference of opinion which constitutes the great debate in India today: the debate which seems of far greater importance to Indians than the dispute between the capitalists and the communists of the west.

As I travelled about India I received the impression more and more that the great issue in India is not the issue between capitalism and communism; but the issue between capitalism and communism, on the one hand, and the ancient Indian non-materialistic philosophy on the other. The first aim of both capitalism and communism is said by their adherents to be to end poverty. This can be done, it is thought, by creating more material wealth, or by distributing more fairly the material wealth which already exists. But the other kind of Indian—it would not be an oversimplification to call him the follower of Mahatma Gandhi—is not interested in ending poverty—at least, in what we in the west are apt to call poverty. He wants everyone to have enough to eat of course, enough and no more, but saying that he does not see anything

wrong in what we in the west call poverty. In fact, he believes that poverty is desirable. He agrees with that other Asian who made the simile between a rich man and a laden camel.

I am convinced that the foreigner who goes to India is prone greatly to underestimate the importance and prevalence of this peculiarly Indian way of thinking. The average visitor to the country lives with westernised Indian friends, he reads only the English-language press, and he comes to look upon the Gandhian type of Indian either as a picturesque crank or as a nuisance and a bar to the country's progress. He does not achieve any conception of the strength of this anti-materialistic philosophy. He tends greatly to overestimate the importance of the struggle between capitalism and communism in India, and not to realise that these two ways of life seem very much the same to the majority of Indians: and both equally repugnant.

And, of course, the difference of aim between the followers of Gandhi and those who look to the west stems from an entirely different conception of what is the Good Life. The Indian who looks towards Moscow or Washington wishes above all to mechanise agriculture, so as to displace a proportion of the cultivators from the land and thus bring about the classic Industrial Revolution. When this has happened India will be a land of material plenty—as the United States indubitably already is—and every Indian will drive a car, eat frozen food, and sit in an air-conditioned room watching a television set.

The follower of Mahatma Gandhi, however, does not want any of these things to happen. He does not wish to mechanise agriculture. He points out that an acre of land ploughed by oxen, provided it is ploughed deeply enough, does not produce less food than an acre ploughed by a tractor—slightly more, in fact, because of the dung of the oxen. He freely admits that the acre can be ploughed in fewer man-hours if ploughed by a tractor, but, he says, what about all the hidden man-hours behind the tractor? The man-hours that were needed to make the tractor, and which are needed to maintain it, and to maintain the fantastic urban structure that makes tractors possible? Also, he does not see any advantage in saving man-hours in the village, if all the result is that nine-tenths of the ploughmen are to be forced away from their homes, to go into the towns and, presumably, spend their lives producing more tractors.

And he is obsessed with the old idea in Hinduism, the idea reiterated again and again and again in the Bhagavad Gita, that the ends never justify the means. If, for the laudable end of relieving hunger, it is necessary for even one man to spend a part of his life at a factory bench, or down a mine, and if these are not good ways for a man to spend part of his life, then there is no more to be said about the matter. One must endure hunger. Or, better, of course, if it is possible, find some other way of relieving it. That the ends *never* justify the means is the law of Karma yoga, or the way of salvation through works. Action must be performed as a sacrament, with no attachment to its results.

### 'Civilised Simplicity'

And, of course, your Gandhian does want to abolish hunger. It is his first aim. But he thinks that this can be done by improving farming and village life in other ways than by mechanisation. A man can walk all day behind a plough and a pair of oxen, and, if he is not in debt or in trouble, his mind will be at peace. And if he wishes to do so he can think and meditate. But no man can stand at a conveyor belt in a factory and meditate. Nor can he enjoy real peace of mind when he gets home. Then, the follower of Gandhi insists that whatever he uses shall have been made by a craftsman who enjoyed making it: not by somebody who made it in boredom, simply for commercial gain. 'Civilised simplicity' is an expression one constantly hears in India. The essential Indian does not look upon mechanical and electrical contrivances as manifestations of a high civilisation. He looks upon them as barbarous signs of the west's immaturity and lack of true culture as compared with the east.

The first thing which surprised me when I really began to move about in India was the prevalence of this Gandhian way of thinking. And my first reaction to it was one of resistance. I thought it foolish for a man to squat on the floor for hours every day twiddling a *charkha*, or spinning-wheel, in order to spin just enough yarn to clothe himself, when a machine in a mill could do it in a few minutes. But then I went over a few big cotton mills, and did not like them very much, either. But I felt that it was important for India to end her food problem; and, at first, I thought that she could do this only by mechanisation. Also, I have always disliked colour-prejudice, and I felt that for a

(continued on page 428)

# Assassin's Corner

By ANTHONY RHODES

**T**O most of us the word Sarajevo conjures up one thing—assassination. We think of that day in June, 1914, when the student Gavrilo Princip fired three bullets into the heart of the passing Archduke of Austria. We know that Sarajevo is in Yugoslavia. Some of us may even see in the name a number of complacent Turks squatting under jasmin trees. That, at least, was the extent of my knowledge when I arrived there last summer.

I went to see the corner on the Latin bridge where Princip stood that historic day exactly thirty-nine years ago; and—such was my good fortune—I was to present a letter of introduction to his family, or what remained of it. Here, from the fountainhead of assassination, I would learn of that day when—if ever a man set a ball rolling—Gavrilo Princip did.

I made my way from the new station along the Miljacka river bank with its line of bridges, at each of which an assassination or attempted assassination has taken place: Slav against Turk; Turk against Austrian; Slav against Slav—throughout the ages. At those sombre *cafés* which mark the end of each bridge how many plots, murders, and bomb outrages have been hatched? The downfall of two empires, the fall of a monarchy, started on this river-line.

Sarajevo is not a beautiful town but it has, as a result of this history, a distinct personality, individual, in the haunting way that a dwarf is individual—and as sinister. If my first view that day, as I walked, of a man in a fez and baggy trousers gave me, as Kinglake suggests, the same odd sensation he had on seeing his first troop of monkeys or a humming bird, it also reminded me that on the battlements of the Bimbashi fortress which dominates the town, towards which I walked, not so long ago were impaled the heads of a hundred unbelievers.

The river cuts the town in two, its straight banks lined on one side with the heavy baroque buildings of its late Austrian masters; on the other, among mosques and minarets, the eye is relieved by the soft green of nut trees and juniper bushes, dark Venetian blinds and the narrow grained windows of Turkish houses.

My letter was addressed to Gospodin Princip, the first cousin of the assassin, a man who, I had been told, was now one of the most venerated figures in Sarajevo, the custodian of the Princip Museum, where relics of that great day were enshrined. It was here, in a newly erected building in the *art nouveau* style on the Miljacka river, that I found him.

The first cousin of Gavrilo Princip was a most affable man—more like a good-natured policeman than an assassin, portly, with a continual smile revealing gold-filled teeth. He was showing some visitors the handcuffs his cousin had worn while awaiting trial; but on reading my letter, he immediately left them and took me to a desk in the corner of the museum, where he poured out two very small glasses of *schivo-vitsa*, and said he would be glad to answer questions. He assumed for

some reason that I was a socialist—perhaps because my letter was from a socialist M.P. He asked if I had been in prison. I said I had not.

'I have been in prison five times', he said, lifting his glass. 'I was a partisan in the Romanija for three years. I have been sentenced to death twice.' With the other hand he emphasised each of these figures—five, three, twice—with that gesture so common in the Mediterranean lands, the hand coming forward gradually, its fingers opening suddenly, as if its owner were loosing a butterfly.

Startling vicissitudes had indeed marked his life. He had been a Leninist, a Stalinist; he had been condemned to death as an anarchist. He was now an ordinary socialist. 'I believe in your brand of socialism', he said. 'England is a great country. We admire one another today, do we not?'

But I was more anxious for an account of his cousin Gavrilo Princip than for an exchange of international amenities; and I was able after a few minutes to lead the conversation round.

'Come, then!' he said, 'I will show you the photographs.'

He took me over to the wall of the museum where huge photographs, each about four feet square, illustrated chronologically the events of that afternoon when his cousin turned the world upside down.

'Here!', he pointed to one of a dingy bedroom, with a wooden trestle in the corner, 'the farmhouse where they hid the weapons. For three weeks my cousin slept on that bed. With six bombs underneath him!'

The next photograph, in remarkable contrast, showed the great



The Latin Bridge, Sarajevo, where, in 1914, Gavrilo Princip, a student, assassinated the Archduke of Austria. Right: Princip's cousin pointing to footprints showing 'where the assassin stood'

military parade in Sarajevo on the morning of June 28, 1914—with the Archduke in his billy-cocked hat, superbly mounted, surrounded by his staff, inspecting troops. 'You see that hat?' Gospodin Princip pointed to the Archduke's plume. 'Look what happens to it now!'

The next photograph showed the



Photographs: Richard Rhodes

heir to the Habsburgs coming down the steps of the Town Hall with his wife, in the act of putting on that hat, after the official luncheon, getting into the antiquated motor-car where he was to die. And then, the fatal corner three minutes later: the corpses lolling in the back; the assassin gripped before he could turn the pistol on himself; the gaudy hat caught by the camera in the air, falling towards the gutter.

For five minutes I examined these and other exhibits, now all saintly relics: the contents of Princip's pockets that day; his blood-stained vest (under a glass show-case); a yellowed notebook; a faded photograph of a black-eyed girl, from the wallet. The last photograph of all showed four trussed bodies hanging from a gibbet, sacks over their heads, with cynical Austrian officers smoking cigarettes in the foreground. I felt I had had enough.

'Outside', said Gospodin Princip, pointing to the door, 'you must see the last. The spot where he stood'.

We went out of the museum on to the embankment of the river. The sun was shining and the mountains rose on the far side in a gentle slope, with white villas glistening among orchards and poplar groves. At the end of the bridge opposite, dark-complexioned women were bargaining over gaudy flowered silks. Immediately round the corner he stopped and pointed to two human foot-prints in the pavement, embedded, rather as are the paw marks of a dog who has run over wet concrete.

'Eternal marks!' he said reverently.

For a moment I thought he was implying that some miracle, like the Stigmata, had caused these footprints to appear on the pavement.

But he explained that the present regime, on gaining power in 1945, not content with turning this house into a museum, had commemorated in this novel way the sacred spot where his cousin had died.

As I stared at the footprints some small boys skipped by, and one of them laughingly placed his feet for a moment in them—at the same time pointing his finger menacingly at another boy, in mock revolver attack. He then ran off, and another took his place.

'Doesn't it give them ideas?' I said.

Gospodin Princip understood my meaning. His black eyes twinkled as he looked at the boys. 'No! No!' he laughed. 'Have no fear of that today! Everyone is happier today in Yugoslavia than they have ever been in the whole of our history. Ideas! Why, the only ideas it gives them are of the New Order, which was created on this spot. A British socialist will appreciate that, surely!'

He turned. More visitors had arrived to be shown round inside. He said he must leave me, but would tell me how to get to the *café* where his cousin spent the night before the murder. I thanked him for his kindness, and he went inside.

But I could not take my eyes off the footprints and the small boys playing in them. The passers-by ignored them, these urchins brought up in a land of assassins, where assassination has, as a result of history, become almost a respectable profession; Princip, Račić, the Obrenovich dynasty, Queen Draga, King Alexander himself. Without thinking, a mere fraction of the multitude of assassins and assassinated of this land passed before my mind. And as I stared at the children I could not help admiring Gospodin Princip's confidence in Utopia.

—From 'First Reading', Third Programme

## The Indian Way of Thought

(continued from page 426)

coloured nation to enter world politics as a Great Power might do a lot to break this down. And to become a Great Power India must mechanise and industrialise. Then, as I wandered further and thought more, I remembered the behaviour of the existing Great Powers, and I began to realise that India could best assert her superiority by not becoming a Great Power.

I began to remember what was happening to my own country under the impact of modern commercialism and industrialism. I remembered watching the process of turning my green and pleasant land into one enormous and, to me, perfectly revolting garden suburb. I compared in my mind the old type of English countryman, with his dignity and integrity, his salty speech and earthy wisdom, with the new countryman—the shoddy, flashy suit, the smarmy hair, the de-tribalised, characterless language, the snatches of foreign song. I remembered the culture in which music is something which dribbles out of a loudspeaker when you turn on a tap, and in which art is an advertisement for hair-cream; where work means standing and watching a machine, and leisure sitting watching somebody else play football. 'Work is prayer', say the followers of Gandhi.

I argued with my Indian friends about it, always at first taking the western point of view. I valued literature, and how, I asked, can you have literature if there are not any books? Books are made from paper, which is produced in a paper-mill, with big machines. True, I was shown a paper-mill in which the only motive-power was a bull which walked round in a circle, but I was not altogether convinced by this. I was more impressed by the man who pointed out that in my own country far better literature was produced before the introduction of the giant paper-mill and the high-speed press than has been written since. I contended that the gramophone and the wireless helped to extend the appreciation of music. An Indian said to me: 'When was the best western music written, before the invention of these machines, or after? How did Mozart get along without a gramophone?' I pointed out that in Mozart's day music was for the few. Now, thanks to the wireless, it is available for the many. 'What do the "many" actually listen to?' he asked. 'What will you hear coming from wireless sets as you walk along the streets of any city in the world?' What indeed?

The 'many', at least, had a living folk music before. Now they have commercialised canned drivel. Good music, the music of Mozart, for example, is available over the wireless for all, but only the 'few' listen to it; the same 'few' who listened to it before, only then they played it themselves, or listened to their friends playing it. And a live dog is

better than a dead lion, any day. The living music of India, I discovered, is music that people make themselves, or listen to their friends making. It is not something that comes out of a machine when you turn on a tap. That is dead music. Of course, I heard plenty of Bombay cinema music, too. In India, as in England, live art has to fight a rear-guard action against dead art—commercial art. But in India I felt that the living has more hope of success. I saw live drama, based on the village: a drama which, if it is not killed by the cinema, might conceivably one day become great drama. Because it has its roots, as all real art must have, in the soil of a great culture. India taught me that art is not a thing that you can feed into one end of a machine and expect it to come out the other end alive.

In short, the impact which India made on me, against my strong resistance, was to make me lose confidence in what we call progress in the west—even in our best sort of progress. I now find myself constantly asking, as I heard so many Indians ask, 'Progress—to what?' And of our famous efficiency, 'Efficiency—for what?' Industrial efficiency produces more goods per man-hour. I have no doubt of it. But what do we want with all these 'goods'? What do we do with them when we have them? Are they really good? The Gandhian idea lacks novelty, of this I am perfectly aware, but it does not lessen its importance. It is an old idea which has become blunted over the centuries. As a sharp, living idea it can only be found nowadays in India.

The question that one constantly hears in India is: 'Does such or such a thing get you any nearer God?' The Indians believe in God. I am an agnostic, but I know what Indians mean. They mean: 'Does something—progress, efficiency, productivity, television, whatever it may be—does it get you any nearer to fulfilling yourself; to achieving a keener awareness of reality, or a better communion with the rest of humanity, or with the Infinite; to justifying in any way your being here?' And when I ask myself this question about so many of our western ploys and institutions and apparatus, I have to answer in the negative. They do not get you any nearer God. And I believe that nine-tenths of the product of our western industry is not only useless but is harmful. It simply serves to distract men's minds. It were better had it not been made. Made, it were better if it were destroyed. Further, I believe that if our civilisation goes on developing along the road of commercialism and industrialism it will destroy itself, not by war, but by destroying men's minds. The impact of India on me has been to make me lose confidence in the present trend of my own civilisation.

—Third Programme

# Letters to the Editor

## Dunkirk—'A Miracle of Deliverance'

Sir,—Lieut.-General Sir Henry Pownall (THE LISTENER, March 4) remarks that Lord Gort's decision to transfer two divisions from the southern to the northern flank—at a time when 'our foremost troops were quite forty miles away' from Dunkirk—'saved the B.E.F.'

This decision was not taken until May 25: whereas the decision to halt the German armour in its advance on Dunkirk had been taken two days earlier, by Field Marshal von Rundstedt, commanding Army Group A. On the morning of May 24—as the war diary of Army Group A records—Hitler 'agreed with' von Rundstedt's view that the mobile forces should pause before closing, and indeed 'insisted' that 'any further compression of the ring encircling the enemy could only have the undesirable result of restricting the activities of the Luftwaffe'.

General Guderian, who commanded the XIX Army Corps, two of whose Panzer divisions on May 24 were heading for the port only twenty miles distant, specifically states that at the particular instance of its commander-in-chief, Field-Marshal Goering, 'Dunkirk was to be left to the Luftwaffe'. That same night General Halder, Army Chief of Staff, recorded in his diary a bitter lament for a lost opportunity, and added, 'Finishing off the encircled enemy army is to be left to the Luftwaffe'. Field-Marshal Kesselring, commanding the Air Fleet involved in the Dunkirk operation, confirms this statement.

It would therefore appear reasonable to suggest that it was the intervention of Field-Marshal Goering—and not the switch of two British divisions—that saved the B.E.F. at Dunkirk.

Yours, etc.,  
JOHN NORTH

London, S.W.1

## 'English Law and the Moral Law'

Sir,—Lord Justice Denning, reviewing Dr. Goodhart's *English Law and the Moral Law* (THE LISTENER, February 25), said he was inclined to agree that a statute contravening certain fundamental principles would be unconstitutional and invalid and that the courts would refuse to enforce it. I am surprised that this remark has evoked neither comment nor criticism.

For years, undeterred by de Tocqueville's dictum that the English Constitution does not exist, I have been trying to teach its elements to schoolboys. Much has changed since I began the task, but among the shifting sands of time one rock has always stood firm: *the legislative sovereignty of Parliament*. Much that Dicey wrote in his great work has been the subject of criticism but this, his 'fundamental dogma', has never (to my knowledge) been attacked by any writer of repute and I should welcome the opinions of other legal and constitutional authorities on the subject.

Doubtless it is inconceivable that Parliament would, under normal conditions, legislate in a spirit grossly offensive to constitutional morality, but if the inconceivable happened the remedy would be in the hands of the political sovereign, the people. It is revolutionary to suggest that the Law Courts could pass judgment on the validity of an act of the High Court of Parliament.

Yours, etc.,  
C. E. JEREMY

Sutton

Sir,—That the precept to love one's neighbour was used in the New Testament as a quotation from an older source is well known. The point Mr. Jacob Shone fails to appreciate is that Christ did not merely quote. He made duty to God, man, self the guiding principle of His life and teaching. When Christianity changed

from a Jewish sect to a world religion this three-fold principle remained, not as a Jewish precept but as a central point in Christianity, raised to a level never reached by Jewish teaching.

Yours, etc.,  
Tunbridge Wells J. E. H. KETTERIDGE

## Buddhism and the Enlightenment of Man

Sir,—I am indeed grateful to Professor Malalasekera for his courtesy in replying so fully to my letter in THE LISTENER of January 21.

The Professor need not be distressed over the use of the term 'founded religion'. It is often used in connection with Christianity, and is not incompatible with the concept of revelation, but is merely a convenient label by which some European scholars have sought to distinguish between faiths sprung from a single individual and ethnic socially developed religions. His concise definition of Buddhist teaching seems to me, if words mean anything, only to confirm what I said about humanism.

As to the relation of Mahayana to Theravada: if the former is accepted by adherents of the latter as a historical development (by which, I suppose we must take it, is implied a legitimate one), it is not easy to see why the two sections should have remained so long apart. In any case the Mahayana passage: 'I am the Father of the world, the Self-Born, the Healer, the Protector of all creatures. . . Why do I continually manifest Myself?—When men become unbelieving, ignorant, fond of sensual pleasures, then I Who know the course of the world declare, I am the Tathagata . . .'—this takes a good deal of explaining away, for it is only the Buddhist version of the famous *avatar* passage in Gita IV. 6-8, and, like some of the early logia of Gautama, is not patient of an atheistic interpretation. The eternal Tathagata or Dharmakaya is Cosmic Spirit concerning which Suzuki, the Japanese Mahayanist, has written: 'It is that which constitutes the Ultimate foundation of existence, the great Whole in which all forms of individuation are obliterated, in a word, The Absolute'. This, of course, is not Hebrew or Christian theism, but it is certainly a 'God-belief', quite as much as a great deal occurring in the Upanishads.

I can well imagine that there are currents of thought at present flowing in Buddhism which may lead its two great sections into closer unity, and that the situation is to that extent fluid—as perhaps it is also in Christian circles. But I do not think any satisfactory progress is going to be made, unless there is a proper scientific analysis of early Buddhist literature, with readiness to follow the results honestly wherever they may lead, even if they show that the Buddha changed his attitude during his lifetime, or that in some of his sayings he was not in line with 'later Buddhist orthodoxy'. Moreover, words must be used in their proper senses, e.g., a 'revealed' religion implies a Revealer, and not simply a human discoverer of certain truths, even if they seem to 'well up' in one's mind. If the concept of a Revealer is rejected, then one must find some other adjective than 'revealed'.

Finally, we do not always understand one another's technical terms. For instance, a Theravada monk was simply astounded when I once quoted to him the official Christian statement that Deity is 'without body, parts, or passions'. 'That', he said, 'removes some of our difficulties in understanding you'. Language can be a great bar in religion, as in politics.

Yours, etc.,  
Cambridge H. C. BOUQUET

[This correspondence is now closed. EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

## 'The Doors of Perception'

Sir,—Miss Wynne-Tyson, in THE LISTENER, March 4, refers us to the review of Mr. Huxley's *The Doors of Perception*, but has not apparently read the book. If she were to do so, she would find her question, 'How can the writer of *Ends and Means* . . . possibly believe that any true mystic experience—i.e., the identification of the self with the Self, or in Christian phraseology, the putting on of the Mind of Christ—could be obtained by means of a drug?', answered on page 58. 'I am not so foolish', writes Mr. Huxley, 'as to equate what happens under the influence of mescaline or of any other drug . . . with the realisation of the end and ultimate purpose of human life: Enlightenment, the Beatific Vision. All I am suggesting is that the mescaline experience is what Catholic theologians call "a gratuitous grace", not necessary to salvation but potentially helpful and to be accepted thankfully, if made available.'—Yours, etc.,

Hornchurch C. HADLAND

## The Teller and the Told

Sir,—I am completely fogged by Owen Hollway's talks on novels—or whatever he was talking about. I have read, I reckon, about 6,000 novels, from the 'classics' to tripe. Each of them consists of a long story about imagined people and their doings. I liked them or not according to the yes-or-no answers to the following:

Were the characters interesting? . . . Did they do interesting things? . . . Did the language and manner of telling employed by the writer please me?

I cannot think of any other criteria by which to judge the merits of novels.—Yours, etc.,  
Wyton W. H. CAZALY

## Point d'orgue baroque

Sir,—Mr. Richard Arnell is mistaken in supposing that I object to 'a lack of majesty in the double forte' in the Steinkirchen organ. I said in my previous letter that I thought its tone lacking in variety, its wind unsteady, and its mutations and mixtures too suggestive of actual wrong notes. That opinion is based solely on listening to Mr. Geraint Jones' gramophone records; I can only say that I greatly prefer his broadcasts on the traditional type of English organ, when he seems to have little difficulty in making his contrapuntal lines clear. But that is not to defend the 'muddled confusion and general lack of definition' which Mr. Arnell dislikes. The present battle of the organs will have been worth while if it makes some English organists reconsider their methods of playing Bach and other polyphonic music.

It is true that in this century a school of organ building has grown up in England which has favoured heavy, opaque tone at the expense of clarity; it is also true that many otherwise admirable English instruments are woefully inadequate in clear independent pedal stops. But any unbiased person who listens to the organs in, say, Lincoln or Truro cathedrals or, to take a much smaller example, Cirencester church, will realise that 'Father' Willis could make instruments of a tonal quality and variety which have never been surpassed, and which make it quite unnecessary to go to Steinkirchen for clarity.

Yours, etc.,  
Bristol, 8 HERBERT BYARD

## Puccini's Unknown Operas

Sir,—A slip of the pen in a westerly direction is responsible for my placing the first production of 'La Rondine' at Nice. It should of course have been Monte Carlo.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.8 MOSCO CARNER

# NEWS DIARY

March 3-9

**Wednesday, March 3**

'General China', the captured Mau Mau leader, is allowed to get in touch with other Mau Mau leaders with a view to ending the struggle in Kenya

President Eisenhower makes a statement about the U.S. Army and Senator McCarthy

The Postmaster General announces that charges for ordinary inland telegrams are to be doubled

**Thursday, March 4**

Plans are announced in the Commons for increasing Britain's front-line air strength

The U.S. Secretary of Defence replies to Senator McCarthy's accusation that the army was 'coddling Communists'

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh make some changes in their Australian tour because of outbreaks of poliomyelitis

**Friday, March 5**

The Government's Television Bill is published

The French National Assembly debates the situation in Indo-China

A court of enquiry recommends an increase of pay for employees of a number of private bus companies

**Saturday, March 6**

General Neguib, the Egyptian President, expresses his approval of the Revolutionary Council's decision to hold elections for a constituent assembly

A district officer in Kenya, who had spent the day with the C.I.G.S., is killed in an ambush by Mau Mau terrorists

**Sunday, March 7**

Colonel Nasser, the Egyptian Prime Minister, is appointed Military Governor of Egypt with special powers in succession to President Neguib

'General Tanganyika', second-in-command to 'General China' in the Mau Mau terrorist force, surrenders

The Archbishop of York in a pastoral letter urges churchmen to read the Bible more

**Monday, March 8**

President Neguib is restored to his position as Chairman of the Revolutionary Council and Prime Minister in place of Colonel Nasser. Colonel Nasser becomes Deputy Prime Minister

Negotiations for a new treaty between France and Viet-Nam open in Paris

Comet aircraft to resume services if modifications prove satisfactory

**Tuesday, March 9**

First Lord of the Admiralty tells Commons of reforms in conditions of naval service Chancellor of Exchequer answers questions in Commons about equal pay

Dr Adenauer and M. Bidault discuss the Saar



The Queen being cheered by schoolchildren on her way to the Shrine of Remembrance in Melbourne last week, where she dedicated a new forecourt commemorating the men and women of Victoria who died in the second world war



A photograph taken during the meeting was decided that a Constituent Assembly elections are held. Left to right: Colonel Neguib (who earlier this week was President of the State Council)



Raising the burnt-out hull of the 20,000-ton liner Saturday. The liner was destroyed by fire a year ago. Salvage operations are now in progress



The new submarine, H.M.S. *Explorer*, being launched at Barrow-in-Furness on March 5. She is powered with the help of hydrogen-peroxide and will be used to explore the conditions of high speed under water



Left: The Revolutionary Council on March 5 when it  
was set up in July to act until parliamentary  
(Deputy Prime Minister), the President, General  
as Prime Minister), Abdel Razek Sanhury  
Aly Maher (former Prime Minister)



General Sir Gerald Templer, High Commissioner in  
Malaya, riding on an elephant during a recent visit  
to the Sultan of Perlis. Later this year General  
Templer takes up his appointment as Commander  
Northern Army Group, Allied Forces, Central  
Europe, and C.-in-C. British Army of the Rhine



The new President of Syria, Hashem Atassi, reviewing a guard  
of honour in Damascus on March 1 after the overthrow of  
Brigadier Shishakly. Last week-end the Syrian Foreign Minister,  
Faydi Atassi, said that parliamentary elections would be held  
throughout his country as soon as possible



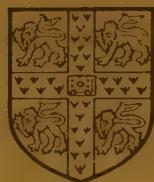
Opposite: The wreck of the *Empress of Canada* in Gladstone Dock, Bootle, on  
the lifting of the wreck was one of the biggest  
out in this country



Snowdrops on the bank of the lake in West Wycombe Park, Buckinghamshire: a photograph taken last week. The  
park belongs to the National Trust

Left: the ceremony of 'blowing-in' the new blast-furnace at the Appleby-Frodingham Steel Company's works at Scunthorpe last week. The furnace, which is over 200 feet high, can produce more than 6,000 tons of iron a week





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MACMILLAN

## Spring Books

# The Treatment of Space in Ingres

Ingres. By Georges Wildenstein. Phaidon Press. 55s.

Reviewed by ANTHONY BLUNT

THE new Phaidon volume on Ingres provides by far the best available set of reproductions after the master's work. The plates are of excellent quality and cover the whole of his painted œuvre, including variants of the same composition. A few drawings are also reproduced. The catalogue summarises concisely the available information about the history of each painting. The author claims that it includes only 'paintings of unquestionable authenticity'. This principle seems in general to have been carefully followed, and most of the pictures listed are either signed or well documented. But the catalogue contains a few items, such as number 111, which are neither signed nor documented, nor traceable to any reliable source such as the early exhibitions of the artist's work. They may be by Ingres, but the writer gives no reasons for believing that they are, and the reproductions leave one with the feeling that fairly strong external evidence would be needed to establish their authenticity. M. Wildenstein, moreover, does not attempt to deal with the problems raised by Ingres' habit of repeating his compositions and of issuing duplicates of certain compositions and portraits. It would, for instance, be of interest to know how far the seven versions of the portrait of the Duke of Orleans are from the artist's own hand. The catalogue is preceded by a summary of the artist's life, and by a short introduction which, unfortunately, is written in, or translated into, a language exactly half-way between French and English.

Ingres is an artist full of puzzling contradictions. Under the classicism of the forms there frequently lies a romanticism of theme and sometimes of feeling; behind the cold purity of the nude drawings, there is a suppressed sensuality; and the meticulous naturalism of the detail often conceals startling distortions. These distortions are of some interest, because they foreshadow in a surprising degree certain practices, the invention of which is usually associated with the mature work of Cézanne. It has, of course, often been pointed out that in his paintings of the nude, Ingres alters the forms in his pursuit of a particular kind of plastic harmony, and this is most evident in the very late works, like 'Le Bain Turc', where the shapes of the limbs defy the laws of anatomy and the eyes are sometimes skewed so as to be in different planes and out of the horizontal in order that the continuous ovoid of the head should not be disturbed.

But the liberties which Ingres takes with perspective are equally bold. Sometimes these are veiled, as, for instance, in the portrait of M. Rivière, where the curved back of his chair is twisted sharply towards the picture plane, but the change is made less visible by the fact that his shoulders break the upper line. In other instances the distortion is much

more blatant. This is apparent in the portrait of Molé, where, although the twisting of the chair is hardly noticeable, the perspective of the pilastered table in the background is completely at variance with that of the figure itself. It can either be accounted for as a free distortion, or on the supposition that the table is seen from a view-point well outside the picture to the left, whereas the figure is seen nearly frontally. A similar difference of view-point seems to occur regularly in the large compositions with groups of figures against an architectural background.

In the 'Apotheosis of Homer' and in the 'Don Pedro of Toledo kissing the sword of Henry IV', for instance, the figures are seen from an almost infinite distance, so that each is nearly frontal, whereas the temple and other buildings in the background are drawn from quite a near viewpoint. This difference of viewpoints accounts to some extent for the detachment of the figures from the setting in so many of Ingres' designs. The portrait of Mme d'Haussonville contains another device particularly associated with Cézanne. The figure leans against a table, the edge of which is not continuous but is perceptibly higher on the left than on the right of the figure.

The most complicated case of all is in the portrait of Mme Moitessier in the National Gallery. It has often been noticed that the reflection in the mirror is not consistent with the view of the head and shoulders of the figure itself, but the matter does not rest there. The two halves of the picture do not read consistently as spatial constructions. On the right, at first sight, the sofa appears to be almost up against the mirror, but closer inspection leads one to notice that there is a piece of open-work ornament which must be between the sofa and the mirror and, from the position of its reflection, must stand some distance in front of the mirror. (Incidentally, the upper part of the ornament pro-

duces no reflection at all.) The left side of the composition reveals the existence of an elaborate console-table between the sofa and the mirror, which implies a gap of two or three feet. The reflections of the doors and panelling, and of the mirror opposite in which the first mirror is again reflected, further intensify this spatial ambiguity, so that one is left in the end with the same sense of doubt as in Manet's 'Bar' and in such mature still-lifes by Cézanne as the 'L'Amour en Plâtre'.

Only a close and systematic study of Ingres' perspective distortions of this kind could lead to an understanding of his motives in making them, but generally speaking they bear a close resemblance to similar phenomena in Cézanne and may have the same origin, namely, the desire for the complete organisation of a closed section of space and the reconciliation of the demands of surface pattern and of arrangement in depth, sometimes at the expense of clarity in terms of naturalism.



'Madame Moitessier', by Ingres  
By courtesy of the Trustees of the National Gallery



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and 'legibility'. In the portrait of Mme Moitessier and in other paintings the alterations tend to bring objects in the background nearer to the foreground, or to twist re-entrant planes towards the picture surface according to exactly the same principles as those followed by Cézanne in his landscapes and still-lifes. Sometimes, however, the effect is apparently contradictory. For instance, in the later version of the 'Interior of the Sistine Chapel', one side of the canopy is drawn so that it recedes more sharply into space than it should, but this effect is partly cancelled out by the fact that the shields painted on it are seen almost frontally.

Ingres is not the only artist in whose work parallels for the 'distortions' of Cézanne can be found. Chardin, for instance, frequently paints the pots and jugs in his still-lifes with an asymmetry as great as that to be found in Cézanne, and with much the same result. Cézanne, we know, admired Chardin deeply, and although in later life he called Ingres '*un très petit peintre*', he certainly studied and even imitated him in his youth, and may not have been above learning from him in his maturity.

The fact that these analogies can be found in two such apparently conservative artists as Ingres and Chardin suggests that many of the practices which appear so revolutionary in Cézanne's drawing are only intensifications of methods used more discreetly by earlier painters, and that further study might reveal a long tradition leading gradually up to the bold methods of the Post-Impressionist master.

and so has perennial interest, as an entrancing revelation of human behaviour in historical circumstances. It is in this spirit that Miss Mitford has approached her subject, and she succeeds overwhelmingly in presenting court life—*ce pays-ci* with its own peculiar customs, climate, and language—from the point of view of the human beings who formed its hub. This, indeed, is what it must have been like to inhabit Versailles two centuries ago.

But in her anxieties to present the King and his greatest mistress as comprehensible and sympathetic beings, and to avoid any note of censure or moral condemnation, she at times leans over backwards. It is, after all, an almost unrelieved story of extreme self-indulgence, sordid jostling for favour and power, and colossal extravagance blended with the grossest immorality. It would have been as well, now and then, to admit such facts. Louis XV found that even the team composed of his wife, the succession of three Mailly sisters, and Madame de Pompadour herself failed to give him complete satisfaction. He therefore set up a villa in the Parc aux Cerfs where he kept a collection of pretty little working-class girls. Miss Mitford's comment is:

After the French Revolution, when the Monarchy was being blackened in every possible way, fabulous stories were told about the Parc aux Cerfs. It was said to have been a harem fit for a sultan, the scene of orgies without name, and to have cost the country millions. In fact, it was a modest little private brothel, run on humane and practical lines.

The King had at times, as the author shows, enjoyed immense popularity and even affection. He had undoubted qualities of courage and certain abilities. But his follies, debaucheries, and extravagances reduced him to a ridiculous figure and did much to ruin and discredit the monarchy in France. There is no need to shy away from such verdicts: they are sober historical judgments. But here is popular biography at its best, resting on careful reading and written in a racy and rattling style, marred only by an unaccountable affection for the word 'nice'.

DAVID THOMSON

## Vive La Pompadour!

Madame de Pompadour

By Nancy Mitford. Hamish Hamilton. 15s.

LOUIS XIV TRAINED THE GREAT NOBLES of France not to be a nuisance to the state: and his successors found it impossible to make them, as a class, useful to the state. So under Louis XV, apart from a few outstanding exceptions like the Duc de Richelieu, public men of talent and genius came from the middle classes. Their queen was not the reigning Queen of France, Maria Leczinska, but the woman who for twenty years, as the King's mistress, enjoyed vastly more power and influence at the court, Madame de Pompadour. It was under the patronage of this remarkable woman of intelligence, ability, and *finesse* that the names of Voltaire, the painter Boucher, the architect Lassurance, and the Cardinal de Bernis came to be linked with the court of Louis XV. It was because she loved fine china that Louis gave her the village of Sèvres, to which she transferred from Vincennes the china factory which was thereafter to produce the masterpieces of so many of the artists and sculptors of the day. It was because she wanted the soldiers to know that the King took an interest in them that the *Ecole Militaire* was founded. She was, indeed, the main intermediary through whom the talents of her own growing middle class found expression in public life.

The daughter of a steward to the four Pâris brothers who virtually ran the finances of France, she was taken under the wing of the genial de Tournehem, a *fermier général*, or tax-collector. In social origins she was completely a product of the well-to-do bourgeoisie which had found ways of making considerable fortunes out of the *ancien régime*, despite their lack of privileges such as were enjoyed by the aristocracy. As such she was remorselessly despised and hated by most of the futile aristocracy which now found its only *raison d'être* in the endless gyrations of the court at Versailles. But it was in her very differences from them that her chief power lay. To the King she offered natural charm and intelligence as a respite from the tedious boredom of court etiquette, ritual, frivolity, and artifice. Against the vicious lampoons and spiteful intrigues of her aristocratic enemies she played the strong cards of personal devotion to Louis and a lively sense of politics.

All this and more can justly be said in favour of Madame de Pompadour. Miss Mitford, in her spirited biography, says it. Because so many previous writers, deeply biased by anti-monarchical prejudice in France and by puritanical righteousness in Britain, have plundered the rich sources of the period to heap condemnation upon a flippant court and an immoral monarch, it is valuable that the more durable contributions of Madame de Pompadour to French history and culture should in this way be emphasised. If the old order was bad, it might have been even worse without the Pompadour. Whether good or bad, it existed:

## Tidying India

My Public Life. By Sir Mirza Ismail. Allen and Unwin. 18s.

SIR MIRZA ISMAIL'S BOOK *My Public Life* is exactly described by its title. It is a measured account of an influential career, deficient in liveliness and unlikely to interest the general reader, but interesting to those who have cared for India. Of Persian origin, Sir Mirza was born in Mysore, was a boyhood friend of its Maharajah, became Prime Minister, and modernised and tidied up the state; I have never been to Mysore, but it is always referred to as 'a model'. Sir Mirza made it one. Then he went to Jaipur: that, too, he tidied up, and there, in passing, I once experienced his courtesy and hospitality: a slim statesmanlike figure; great dignity of diction and manner; an impression of latent power. From Jaipur he went to Hyderabad, to extricate the Nizam from the trouble which had come on him as the result of the British withdrawal. Hyderabad proved to be beyond his tidying powers and he left. Now at the age of seventy-one he lives in retirement in his beloved Mysore. Besides doing administrative work in India, he attended the Round Table Conference in London and helped to make the India Act of 1935, which provided for federation, and which was never applied. Things have not gone quite the way he hoped. Though a Moslem, he has no footing in Pakistan, and though he has helped the modern India to come into being he has not been employed by it. The reasons for this and for the Hyderabad *débâcle* are explained rather contentiously in his book. Briefly, he was in favour of federation, he was in favour of the retention of (tidied up) Native States, of the retention of English as a lingua franca, and of birth control. On all these points he argues convincingly. In particular he regards it unwise of Delhi to impose, in the place of English, a Sanskritised form of Hindi which will be totally unintelligible in the south. He offers advice, on these and other matters, in the spirit of an Elder Statesman, and he quotes at length from the other eminent men, Indian or British, who have agreed with him or who have anyhow been friendly. Not wholly satisfied with his career, but far from dissatisfied, he looks back with a clear conscience upon much work done.

In memoirs of this type the writer is at liberty to record his failures, but he must not reveal himself as disconcerted. Equanimity is essential to the Public Life. Only once does Sir Mirza appear to have been startled, and then he quickly recovered. It was when a young Sikh

committed suicide in his office. The Sikh had asked for an interview and 'it was not my habit to refuse to see anyone', so he came in, said he was in love, could not marry without money, and must have a job in the Jaipur Civil Service at once. Sir Mirza explained sympathetically that this could not be, and advised him to try for alternative employment. 'He was an M.A. and had an attractive personality and might well have succeeded'. Instead of which the boy pulled out a revolver. The office table was a broad one, as befits a high-grade official, so Sir Mirza could not stretch across it to wrest the weapon away. The boy fired and fell dead. The girl's photograph was found in his pocket. Sir Mirza comments, 'I am glad to think that I had been patient with him and he was only doing what he had resolved, if unsuccessful, to do', and proceeds to recall the laying of the foundation stone of a bank. The little impact of the Private Life—so ill-advised, so uncompromising, so wasteful—is at an end, and we re-enter the public arena.

Here he defends himself skilfully against charges of masterfulness and of extravagance. Wherever he has gone there have been changes—hygiene, education, amenities—and these things cost money and evoke

opposition, yet surely they are worth while. He has destroyed but he has restored—and he has done it within the framework of the old order. Where he has cut down a tree he has always planted a hundred. This may be so, but his cleansing hand certainly fell heavily on Jaipur architecturally. He may have found that city rubble, but he has left it soap, vistas of pink soap unblurred by a single tree. And the road from it to Amber is now likewise studded with soap—chhattis of soap—ivory brand—so that the spirit knows not where to wash its hands. What he did at Mysore, what he had time to do at Hyderabad, I know not. But Jaipur has had a shave and a hair-cut for all time.

The pleasantest passages are those which refer to people whom one has happened to know. Sir Mirza remembers an old friend of mine, Sir Amin Jung, seated in his library at Hyderabad. I remember him there, too, and I have a large signed photograph of him, his librarian, his sub-librarian, his grandsons, his hookah, and his books. Sir Amin belonged to the past, his work had lain inside Hyderabad, and he dreaded what he saw piling up outside. Sir Mirza, with wider experience, does not despair, while feeling far from easy.

E. M. FORSTER

## Bonxies, Boobies and Bo'suns

Sea-Birds. By James Fisher and R. M. Lockley. Collins' 'New Naturalist' Series. 25s.

SOME EXCELLENT BOOKS on the sea and its birds have been published recently by these two authors and others; and at least one older work, W. B. Alexander's *Birds of the Ocean*, retains its pride of place for anyone who hopes to recognise birds on ocean voyages. One might wonder whether much is left to tell about this subject: but there is, and Fisher and Lockley between them tell it superlatively well.

*Sea-Birds*, in fact, provides a wealth of new material. The many Distribution Charts, for example, are presented in a singularly apt and novel way by projecting sea and coastline in 'map-nets' often of original design; and, apart from its main burden, almost every page contains scraps of interesting information varying from the wanderings of the 'West Wind Drift' (*alias* the Gulf Stream) to the precise limits of the Sargasso Sea, or to the three-and-a-half-gallon capacity of the Brown Pelican's bill. There is ample (but never too obtrusive) evidence throughout the book of the researches in both field and library which had to be made before ever it could have been written, and of the prodigious first-hand knowledge of both authors of their theme and scene. An occasional slip occurs—Flamborough cliffs are presented to Norfolk on page 93—but nobody (unless a Yorkshire man would wish to weigh such trifles against the book's essential honesty).

For this is its strength. Far more ready than flowery words its plain statements of fact and straightforward prose convert the reader to the authors' concepts of their North Atlantic: not a vast waste of rolling, vaguely hostile waters, 3,500 miles across and 5,000 long, but a living place of infinite resources and flexibility, with its intimate winds and currents, calm and storm, shallows and deeps, warmth and cold, here teeming, there devoid of birds.

We sail away with Fisher and Lockley to beat the bounds: to the towering stacks of St Kilda and the cliffs of Mingulay; to Ness and Hermaness, to Foula's Kame; to the Blaskets and the Skelligs; to Iceland and the Westermanns; to the Faeroes; to the chill mists of Spitsbergen and the Lofotens; to Heligoland and southwards to the Azores and the Desertas and down to the Cape Verdes. And then cross over to the other side: to the muddy tideways of the Amazon and the

Orinoco mangroves; to the Gulf and the Florida Keys and right up to Maine—4,000 miles of shore without a rock or cliff of any kind—and north again for the skerries and stacks of Newfoundland and Labrador and Greenland. There is an even greater choice for birds that haunt the beach or the shallower waters of the continental shelf than for those pelagic kinds that spend the greater portion of their lives far out of sight of land.

About 250 species of sea-birds are known, about half of which occur regularly or casually in the North Atlantic region. But in a fascinating chapter dealing with their origins and evolution the authors maintain that none of them evolved here; they infiltrated—'tube-noses', *i.e.* petrels and shearwaters and albatrosses, from the South Pacific; terns from the Indian Seas; gulls and auks from the Arctic; and so on. Further chapters deal with seafowl numbers and with their exploitation through the centuries by man—a tale of endless and only too often wanton persecution relieved occasionally by necessitous taking for food. But recently it seems the tide has turned, at least in countries with a decent attitude towards wild life and apart from the menace of oil. Natural factors and others like the feast of offal thrown from trawlers fishing on the Banks which may control seafowl numbers are considered too; as also certain aspects of their sexual, social, and migratory behaviour. These are considered as interim reports rather than as full accounts: they summarise existing knowledge and point out where the more serious gaps appear.

The second half of the book is devoted to detailed studies of the principal sea-bird groups: the 'tube-noses'; pelicans (which includes gannets and cormorants); skuas; gulls; terns; auks; and may be said to bring our knowledge of them (as groups, not as individual species) up to date. Many tables, maps, and diagrams lie scattered throughout the text, and seldom before has such a fine and unusual series of photographs been assembled for the plates, of which eight are in colour, including a painting by R. T. Peterson of the Bermudan Cahow, a petrel of which less than a hundred individuals probably now survive. *Sea-Birds* is unquestionably a memorable book.

E. A. R. ENNION



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Photograph by Roger T. Peterson, from 'Sea-Birds'.

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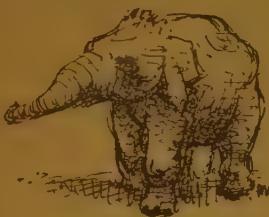
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# The British Poodle

**Mr. Balfour's Poodle.** By Roy Jenkins. Heinemann. 21s.

**The Future of the House of Lords. A Symposium edited by Sydney D. Bailey. Foreword by Commander Stephen King-Hall.** Hansard Society. 10s. 6d.

EARLY ON IN THE STRUGGLE between the Liberal Government and the House of Lords in the first decade of the twentieth century, Lloyd George said that 'the House of Lords is not the watchdog of the constitution; it is Mr. Balfour's poodle'. Hence the title of Mr. Roy Jenkins' book. For it is an account of that struggle, first over the Lloyd George budget and then over the Parliament Bill. It relates the story in detail down to August 10, 1911, when 131 peers managed by seventeen votes to pass the Bill limiting their powers; and it contains a short epilogue dealing with the way in which the Parliament Act has worked in the forty-three years since it became law.

Mr. Jenkins has written a very good book. It is both serious and readable, intelligent, well informed, and with just the right amount of impartiality. It tells the story of a major British constitutional crisis which, as the other book under review shows, is really not yet resolved, and it tells it in such a way as to throw considerable light both upon the particular intractable problem of the House of Lords and upon the almost equally intractable problem of bi-cameral parliamentary democracy in general. The Hansard Society's small volume, the product of fourteen different writers, deals, as its title indicates, primarily with the particular problem of the House of Lords, but it, too, inevitably and often raises the general problem. Indeed Lord Campion, who was Clerk of the House of Commons and is an authority on parliamentary procedure, leads off with a chapter on 'Second Chambers in Theory and Practice'. There follow nine chapters by eminent writers on various aspects of the House of Lords, from its origin to its procedure and composition, all of which deal rather with its past than with its future. Only the last two chapters, one on delaying powers and the other on the question of payment of peers, deal rather gingerly and obliquely with possible reforms, and in each case two opposing views are given. The future of the Upper Chamber is, in fact, not treated in this book, though it is nonetheless a useful little book because it presents concisely much information about the House of Lords which should be in the possession of anyone who is concerned about its future.

The British, we often repeat with pride and foreigners with exasperation, dislike anything remotely resembling principles, logic, reason, or written constitutions in politics. We manage our affairs by a kind of intuitive genius for adapting institutions to events, proceeding by experiment, adepts in compromise and practice, profoundly distrustful of theory. Our passion for games and in particular for cricket has led, we like to believe, to our conducting our political differences in something of the spirit of good sportsmanship of the cricket field. The foreigner, not altogether unreasonably, might consider that the House of Lords and its history during the first half of the present century furnish a curious example of this British political psychology. It is our pride that during the nineteenth century our political genius enabled us to develop the most successful type of modern democracy, the system of parliamentary democracy functioning through two or at most three parties. The essence of this two party system is that at general elections each party goes to the country with a definite programme and can only form a government if returned with a majority of seats in the House of Commons. But having been returned with a majority in the Commons and having formed a government, the party, or rather now the government, has a mandate from the electors to give effect, by legislation or otherwise, to the programme. Yet all through the last half of the nineteenth century the operation of this system was made impossible by the House of Lords. That House had an overwhelming majority belonging to one party, the Conservatives, and it used that majority over and over again to throw out the major measures of any Liberal government returned to power. It was in fact the poodle of the leader of the Conservative Party, as Lloyd George said; and, as the leader of that party, Balfour, plainly hinted after his resignation in 1905 and the return of the Liberals with a normal majority of over 350, the Conservatives were determined to use the House of Lords to ensure that, as far as they were concerned, it would always be a case of heads we win, tails you lose.

The struggle which ended in the Parliament Act was, as Mr. Jenkins'

book shows, the direct result of the attempt by Mr. Balfour, Lord Lansdowne, and the other Conservative leaders to use their majority in the Lords ruthlessly against all the major measures in the Liberal programme. The particular question of the powers of the House of Lords was partially settled in 1911. Partially, because in theory the Parliament Act was only a temporary cutting of the Lords' claws; it was always intended that it should be followed by a reform of that House. Here we come to the general problem with which the Hansard Society's book is intended to deal. What should be the functions and composition of a second chamber and, therefore, of a reformed House of Lords? Both these books—and the history of the forty-three years since 1911—prove the extraordinary difficulty of answering this question. The Abbé Sieyès put his finger on the chief difficulty when he said that 'if a Second Chamber dissents from the First, it is mischievous; if it agrees, it is superfluous'. It is significant that Lord Campion begins his chapter by saying that the common sense of mankind refuses to take the Abbé seriously and that history has come down pretty heavily against him. And yet at the end of his chapter he has to admit that modern constitutional practice throughout the world, on the contrary, inclines to agree with Sieyès.

LEONARD WOOLF

# Sword and Fan

**Japanese Masters of the Colour Print**

By J. Hillier. Phaidon Press. 37s. 6d.

THE POPULARITY OF the Japanese colour print seems to have conformed to something like a twenty-five year cycle. 1875-1900 was the pioneer period, with France well in the lead among western amateurs. By 1900 there was already a considerable literature on the subject, and a number of notable collections had been formed. 1900-1925 saw the culmination of this growing interest, with America strongly challenging French supremacy in the field. Japanese colour prints became quite a cult; sales were held regularly in the foremost auction-rooms, and the volume of literature swelled. In this country it was the heyday of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, and taste and fashion in art are often tied to politics, whatever the purists may say. Towards the end of this period, in 1923, came the publication of *Japanese Colour Prints* by the late Sir Laurence Binyon and Major O'Brien Sexton—almost the last and most authoritative study of the subject to appear. For the next twenty-five years the popularity of Japanese art declined steadily, reaching its nadir, not unnaturally, during the recent war.

If our quarter-century theory is to be maintained, we must suppose that the tide has now turned once again. There are, indeed, signs that this is the case. Successful exhibitions of Japanese colour prints were held by the Arts Council in 1948 and 1952, and three notable displays of them have been recently staged by the British Museum. And now the Phaidon Press, which has already won a high reputation in the field of European painting by a series of books combining high quality with reasonable price, has published a volume on the Japanese colour print in which these two characteristics are once again happily blended.

This handsome book contains no less than ninety-three reproductions of which twenty-one are in full colour. The standard of these is high; the plates are well chosen, hackneyed examples like Hokusai's 'Wave' and Hiroshige's 'Rocket' being excluded, and many little-known but scarcely inferior works introduced. The 'correct' view of Japanese colour prints, that is, a predilection for the Primitives and an insistence on a decline from 1800 onwards, is reflected in the proportionate range of the illustrations—sixty-seven up to 1800 to twenty-six for the nineteenth century. But the 'new collector' to whom, as well as to the 'general art-lover', the book is dedicated in the Foreword, will find that for every eighteenth-century print he encounters in real life there will be at least a dozen from the nineteenth. The book also includes 142 reproductions of signatures—a most welcome feature.

Mr. Hillier's text is by intention purely introductory, and, as such, is eminently successful. Public unfamiliarity with Japanese art may not, perhaps, be so great as he supposes, at least superficially. For the last seventy-five years Japanese exports have made most of us familiar 'on many a vase and jar, on many a screen and fan' with cherry-blossom, Fuji-yama, and geisha-girls. But this superficial familiarity will not carry us far towards a just appreciation, and it is at this point that Mr. Hillier comes to our rescue. For, unlike most writers on the subject, he

devotes a considerable proportion of his space to the social and cultural background of the prints. He gives us an idea of the people who originally bought them for a few coppers, of the life they led, of their amusements—festivals, the theatre, and the Yoshiwara—and of their surroundings in the teeming city of Yedo. This is all of the greatest value to both the 'general art-lover' and the 'new collector', whose interest, thus aroused, will quickly send them to the reference libraries in pursuit of signature-variations, publishers' marks, censors' seals, and all the other technicalities that must be mastered as one's study of the subject advances.

The text and the captions to the plates contain some minor misprints or errors, chiefly in the spelling of Japanese words and names, such as *makemono* for *makimono* (pages 7, 16), and there is some misplacement of accents. Plate 35 represents the battle of Ichi-no-tani, not Yashima, and on plate 43 the names of the two actors should read Ichikawa Yaozo and Sakata Hangoro; both these errors have been inherited from the British Museum Catalogue. Plate 78, being signed 'Ichijusai Kunisada' and seal-dated to 1852, must be by Kunisada II, and represents, not the Cat-monster of Okabe, but a metamorphosis of the nun Miöchin, a character in the stage version of Bakin's novel *Hakkenden*.

'Nineteenth' century (page 22) is clearly a slip for 'eighteenth'.

But these are trifling details. The book is a delightful and enlightening one, and will be welcomed by amateur and 'expert' alike. Both Mr. Hillier and the Phaidon Press are to be congratulated on the successful outcome of their joint venture.

B. W. ROBINSON

'The Summer Shower' (1765). By Suzuki Harunobu  
From 'Japanese Masters of the Colour Print'



## Cupid in Downing Street

Lord Palmerston. By W. Baring Pemberton.  
Batchworth Press. 25s.

MACAULAY, IN REVIEWING an almost unreadable biography of the elder Pitt, paid this tribute to that mighty statesman: 'He domineered over the House of Commons; he was adored by the people; he was admired by all Europe. The nation was drunk with joy and pride'. To two other Prime Ministers in English history could this eulogy be applied—to Palmerston and to Lloyd George. Yet it is true but strange that all three men have evaded the biographer's art. No life of Pitt was even attempted until half a century after his death: there is no book on Palmerston to which the curious enquirer instinctively turns, and a diversity of trifling books on Lloyd George leaves the reader powerless to fathom where lay the secret of his success. In a pointed chapter on Palmerston, Mr. A. J. P. Taylor has asked how it is that, in a moment of crisis, public opinion demands a Chatham, a Palmerston, or a Lloyd George. He shrewdly suggests that the choice of the public is really determined by a display of firmness and courage over a long period in the House of Commons.

Mr. Baring Pemberton has written a thoroughly sensible biography of Palmerston which certainly bears out how much he in fact owed to a long House of Commons career invariably marked by outspokenness and courage. He had none of the natural oratory of Lloyd George nor anything approaching the classical graces of Chatham—Mr. Pemberton tells us that he tended to drop his voice at the end of his sentences—but he excelled in a rattling style of speaking which carried his listeners with him and convinced them. In his speeches as in his despatches he delighted in a vivid phrase and never hesitated to introduce everyday

allusions which by some would unquestionably be deemed vulgar. He once wrote to Stratford Canning: 'In this affair we are trying to catch two great fish, and we must wind the reel very gently and dexterously not to break our line'. The reader, even a century after those words were written, feels something of Palmerston's glee in describing the Tsar and the Emperor of Austria as 'two great fish'. On another occasion he wrote: 'We have obliged Austria to forgo another opportunity of quaffing her bowl of blood'. When it was suggested that England might intervene as mediator between North and South in the American Civil War, Palmerston said 'it would be like offering to make it up between Sayers and Heenan after the third round'. (Students of boxing may recall that Heenan, an American heavyweight known as 'The Benicia Boy', in the course of a long fight with the British champion Sayers almost strangled his opponent on the ropes—an episode which led the crowd to hustle the referee.) Mr. Pemberton also reminds his readers that Palmerston only excelled as a speaker after great preparation, and if he was taken unawares he was prone to flounder. On the famous occasion when Lord John Russell, as Prime Minister, unexpectedly revealed in parliament something of the way in which Palmerston treated the Queen, 'There was a Palmerston'.

Mr. Baring Pemberton, dealing with matters which still stir historical tempers, is eminently fair, and only in his bibliography (of all strange places) does he indulge in some Palmerstonian shafts at authors long dead and some more lately removed from us like Mr. Guedalla. Certainly students of the nineteenth-century scene in its social and political aspects will rub their eyes on being told that 'the imperfections' of Charles Greville's diaries become more pronounced as more material is published. Greville was, of course, the first to realise how much a certain insensitiveness in Palmerston's composition added to his difficulties and his critics. Reading his pages the enquirer seems to know why his contemporaries called Palmerston 'Cupid'. He had precious little tact and was in many ways deficient in what the Victorians would have called good feeling. Though the author of this book skirts delicately over the episode, there is no doubt that Palmerston's attempt to ravish one of the Queen's ladies in Windsor Castle is important; not so much from its moral significance as from revealing the strange lack of decorum which was conspicuous in his character. One of the curious things about Palmerston was that in personal relations with his colleagues or the Crown he generally saw what was right and proper but seemed incapable of guiding his actions by those standards. In his early life he once wrote of a suggested political combination: 'To belong to people you do not think with cannot answer'. Yet he clung to the Cabinet of Lord John Russell with whom he was in constant disagreement, and later admitted Gladstone to his own government and was reduced to the curious expedient of hoping that the House of Lords would reject an important measure which Gladstone had passed through the Commons.

But if these are flaws in the character of a great English statesman we are none the less grateful to Mr. Pemberton for reminding us of a true patriot who rode the storms of public life with superb courage and faced old age just as he faced other afflictions, riding through the park with a flower in his mouth, eating a gigantic dinner as an octogenarian, and, a fortnight before he died, when he thought no one was looking, climbing over a set of railings just to prove he could still do it.

ROGER FULFORD

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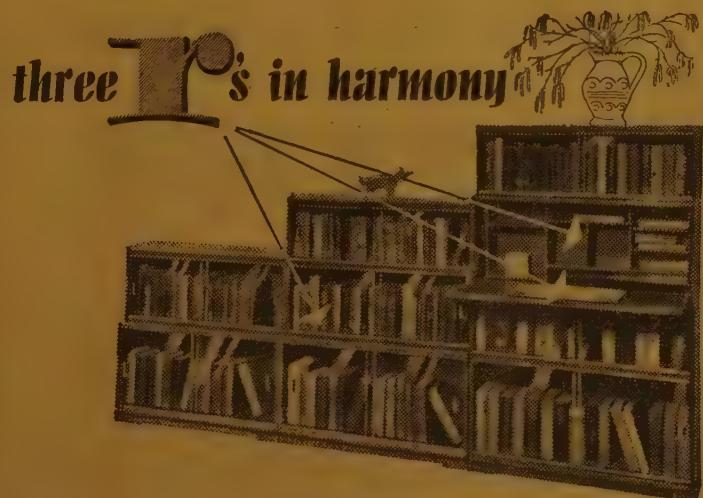
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# Poor Matthias

Matthew Arnold. Poetry and Prose. Edited by John Bryson. Rupert Hart-Davis. 26s.

NOTHING COULD HAVE BEEN more unjust, it seemed, than to say that Matthew Arnold resembled his father, the great Dr. Arnold of Rugby; and, at first, nobody said it. 'I see that dear Mrs. Arnold's trials are to come from her sons', wrote Miss Fletcher of Grasmere. Matthew's pious and sweet-souled friend, Arthur Hugh Clough, the future agnostic, embodied all that was highest in the moral tone of Rugby; but Matthew, even in the Sixth, when the Doctor ordered him to stand behind his desk in disgrace, made funny faces at his schoolmates over his father's head. At Oxford he became a dandy, cut chapel, and took only a second in *Literae Humaniores*. He went to France and visited George Sand ('He seemed like a young Milton on his travels', she told Renan), returning with 'hair guiltless of English scissors'; he went to Switzerland and wrote poems to the mysterious Marguerite, till he heard

a God's tremendous voice  
'Be counselled, and retire!'

The voice was that of Dr. Arnold, then seven years dead; for take as we may our revenge on our stern fathers by doing all they forbade, the super-ego, which is made in their image, returns when they are gone, to remould us in their shape, and the buried self goes underground.

Arnold became the willing prisoner of a Victorian marriage, the loving father of little boys who died young at their public schools, where the tone was so much more healthy than the drainage. As if to earn a living in a vocation which his father would have approved, he became an inspector in the new National Schools, where ragged infants exchanged one form of child-labour for another; and he did his best to make them Rubbys for the poor, to turn the stone of compulsory education into cultural bread. 'I think I shall get interested in the schools after a little time', he wrote to his young bride; but he never inwardly did. Terrible were the days in cold railway-carriages, the arrivals in god-forsaken towns, where the dead poet must hold 'an examination of pupil-teacher apprentices, surrounded by an innumerable company of youths and maidens'. Relief for his aching head came no more from 'my cousin, the Blümlis-Alp', but from the stuffy embraces of a club armchair: 'this Athenaeum', he wrote to his sister, 'is a place at which I enjoy something resembling beatitude'. Towards the end of his second life in prose the Muse returned, and he wrote 'Poor Matthias', an elegy on the death of his daughter's canary, which his critics have ridiculed ever since, and which Mr. Bryson has had the good taste to include in his selection. The poem is exquisitely light and graceful, but its darker roots are in the poet's buried self, in thoughts of another singer in a cage, and another death to come. The bird is his namesake: yes, he mourned indeed for poor Matthias! But without the cage, would there ever have been such song?

The power and value of Arnold's poetry comes precisely of the conflict and alliance between his passionate Self and his restraining Anti-self. Sometimes the Anti-self worked alone: remembering its classical education, it wrote 'Balder Dead', 'Merope', and all but the last eighteen lines of 'Sohrab and Rustum'. But for most of the fifteen years during which this strange union produced poetry, the two selves worked together, and the reader can hear, whichever speaks, the thrilling undertones of the other. His subject was the isolation of romantic man in a universe ruled by a classical god, the paradox that our world, 'so various, so beautiful, so new', is also a 'darkling plain'. He performed a marriage of heaven and hell between romantic liberation and classic restraint, and became our only nineteenth-century poet with something of the aesthetic purpose of Vigny or Baudelaire. The difference is a characteristically English one: in Baudelaire the super-ego was a sense of sin, in Arnold a sense of duty.

In his selection for the noble Reynard Library Mr. Bryson has included nearly all of Arnold's major poetry, the only serious omission being 'Tristram and Iseult', perhaps his finest poem next to 'Thyrsis'. Five hundred pages of Arnold's critical and polemical writings follow, chosen widely and well; though it is a pity there was no space for more of *Friendship's Garland*, in which Arnold unexpectedly appears as a great comic writer in the tradition of Voltaire. Even in his prose Arnold's purpose is Baudelairean. Both are at war with their age, with 'l'énorme bêtise', or as Arnold puts it, 'the Thystean banquet of clap-trap'; and below the harmonious line and lucid thought of their

prose burn the fires of anger, endurance, and love. They hate and love their fellow-men and themselves, the enemy without and the enemy within. They remain always topical because the Philistine is always with us and in us; for Philistinism is one of the permanent forms of original sin in western man.

GEORGE D. PAINTER

# Arms and the Man

Military Organisation and Society

By Stanislaw Andrzejewski.

Routledge and Kegan Paul. 21s.

LIVING WITHIN POLITICAL SOCIETIES, men associate for the pursuit of various purposes, and the forms of organisation which these pursuits develop influence the general structure of society. Marx singled out for exclusive attention Man's war of conquest against Nature, waged with improving techniques which require different procedures; and he declared that forms of production determine the structure of society, thus overstating a very strong case: further he drew illegitimate conclusions, informed by his wishful thinking. Now comes M. Andrzejewski, who stresses that political groups in a world of contending political groups have their military organisation, which impinges upon social structure, not as an exclusive factor but more or less, according to the degree of awareness of external conflict.

The influence of military types upon social structure is an ancient theme: Aristotle wrote that when victory is to be obtained by putting in the field the greatest possible number of infantry, this is favourable to formal equality, while discrimination is favoured when methods of warfare call for heavily armed horsemen or charioteers. What is commonly termed the feudal system arose in Europe when it was found that armoured horsemen could cut down any number of footmen; only those who received adequate land dues were in a position to equip themselves efficiently: as a logical consequence, allotments of land were made to those whom it was desired to have available for military service. The system of linking a given number of tillers to every heavily clad horseman was adopted in comparable circumstances at different times in different societies. The piercing shaft of the English bowman threatened the system, which was doomed by the cheap individual gun, restoring the supremacy of the footmen.

While the history of military organisation has been attended to by specialists, the impact of military evolution upon social structure has never been systematically dealt with. M. Andrzejewski's book is therefore to be warmly welcomed. The author is wise enough to realise that if the technique of warfare at a given moment demands a certain military organisation, with certain social consequences, on the other hand the prevailing social organisation tends to cause or preserve a certain military organisation: there is a two-way influence. Moreover the possibilities of warfare depend upon available techniques and also upon the intellectual and moral urge to apply or not to apply them. The study of such interplay has led to the writing of a fascinating and important work.

As this vast field of inquiry is practically uncharted, and as M. Andrzejewski's mind is of the ranging, not the plodding, variety, his work offers a general systematisation of the subject, leaving it to students to elaborate case-studies. He applies to armies three criteria: Are they very cohesive? Troops of medieval riders were not. Do they display a high degree of subordination? The Spartan armies, while very cohesive, had a low degree of subordination, they were bands of equals. Finally: Do the armed forces reach far into the nation, is there a high degree of military participation by the nation? In classical Europe, armies were cohesive and hierarchised, but the bulk of the population was left out of the fray and little affected, even financially, by the waging of war.

Our author's philosophical venture should arouse the keenest interest in view of the revolution in warfare which we are witnessing, the second in two centuries. If conscription, introduced by the French Revolution, unquestionably increased the evils of war, it was held by its advocates to promote equality of rights, which was true enough: and this, M. Andrzejewski shows, is a regular effect of the increase in military participation. Conscript armies began as loosely knit throngs of individual gun-bearers. In our day, however, and this is the second revolution, the fighting machine has become highly integrated, with

highly differentiated parts. The efficiency of the machine depends upon the exact carrying-out, by dissimilar agencies, of specific orders, the relation of which to the general plan is not and cannot be explained. Looked upon as a Society of a kind, the armed forces display a sharp functional hierarchy, an acute concentration of decisions, and, within this world, a premium is put upon the virtues of obedience and secrecy. This organisation, in times of stress, reaches back into the depths of the nation, to muster its productive forces. Such an organisation, addressed to the external challenge, cannot fail to imprint its forms upon the everyday structure of the nation. Already the concept of military secrecy has seeped back to the laboratory.

The profound anguish of Americans, which we perhaps fail fully to appreciate, is due to the conflict in their minds between their desire

for efficiency and their longing for social features which are to them traditional and pertain to a nation free from external challenge. M. Andrzejewski fears that the combination of external tension, nationwide participation in military organisation and advanced technique must approximate opponents of the Soviet Union to its type of organisation: the features which constitute the peculiarity of occidental civilisation would then fade out. It is remarkable how we all tend to think of freedom as a luxury and to forget that it may be an asset.

M. Andrzejewski's book casts new light upon history, introduces a new approach for the assessment of societies and their evolution, and offers food for thought on our present situation: an unusual conjunction of merits.

BERTRAND DE JOUVENEL

## West African Mosaic

Sierra Leone: A Modern Portrait. By Roy Lewis. H.M. Stationery Office. 25s.

SIERRA LEONE IS the oldest of our West African colonies, and for most of the nineteenth century its governor had charge of the other settlements in the Gambia, the Gold Coast, and Nigeria. It is a land of forest, hills, and rivers, rich in tropical fauna and flora, and contains extremely beautiful scenery. It has some 2,000,000 inhabitants, most of whom follow a traditional way of life in the Protectorate. On the Colony peninsula is a small community of Creoles, the descendants of Africans taken from the ships of the Atlantic slave trade. Creoles were for many years the leading Africans on the Coast, holding senior posts in government and engaging widely in trading, missionary, and educational activities, but their political importance has diminished with the rise of educated people from the Protectorate. It is the latter who will have the main responsibility for Sierra Leone's future and for solving her problems, which include the gearing of traditional institutions to modern government and industry, welding Colony and Protectorate together, increasing the production of rice—the staple food—from soil already eroded and losing fertility, and raising sufficient revenue for sorely needed medical and other social services.

Mr. Lewis' book provides an excellent and very well-written introduction to these matters and, incidentally, to the West African scene in general. He has taken the trouble to read most of the relevant literature and, within a short stay in the country, to meet a fairly representative cross-section of its people. Of the Creoles (why the small 'c'?), whose western ways make possible a relatively quick appraisal, he writes with sympathy and imaginative understanding; and those of us who admire their achievements and have been equally charmed by their sententious courtesy will appreciate his description of the Victorian façade of Freetown and Bonthe. No less agreeable is it to renew one's pleasure in Krio, calypsos, and palaver sauce.

In referring to the tribal system, Mr. Lewis has wisely relied mainly on the available documentation rather than seeking, in the all too common fashion of European visitors, to interpolate some value judgment or bright ethnological hunch of his own. He explains customary beliefs and usages without fuss, illustrating them by the life-cycles of a Protectorate male and female individual, and lays the correct emphasis

on the magico-religious aspects of farming and fishing. He has less to say about indigenous methods of government, and slightly underestimates, I think, the implications of kinship and local community as a form of social insurance. He also includes some discussion of 'culture contact'—of the effects of European education, Christianity, and mining enterprise on traditional life. These problems require a deeper level of analysis, and although Mr. Lewis is alive to the functions

of the 'modern' African, I do not think that he fully recognises the new social order being built up under purely African leadership. Co-operatives, District Councils, and hospitals and schools are, it is true, largely the result of European initiative, but there are numerous less formal organisations, including friendly societies of all kinds, which have arisen from the 'grass-roots'. Because they are partly traditional, these associations tend to escape the official eye, but they constitute the African's own method of applying anthropology to his society, and without them the modern superstructure would indeed be a sham.

On the other hand Mr. Lewis does fair justice to the Syrian and Lebanese merchants and the European business men, miners, and officials. The latter, more particularly the administrators, are a much maligned class throughout most of West Africa. But future generations of Africans will give them more credit, especially when they realise how difficult it was to implement certain Whitehall policies which, like 'Indirect Rule', depend more on magic than meaning.

Mr. Lewis pays due tribute to the missionaries, many of whom have a well-deserved and intimate place in Sierra Leone's own special version of 'extended kinship'. His reference to the up-country mission station at Serabu might have included the small but cosily decorated and well-

equipped maternity home, erected by the skill and efforts of the Roman Catholic father and the local villagers, which in spirit and function is a more persuasive example of Christian civilisation than countless Biblical tracts.

The book also contains some excellent photographs, and I hope that many people will read it because they will experience some of the rare joy, colour, and friendliness of this African land.

KENNETH LITTLE



'I know the answer!' Sierra Leonian children at school

From 'Sierra Leone: a Modern Portrait'

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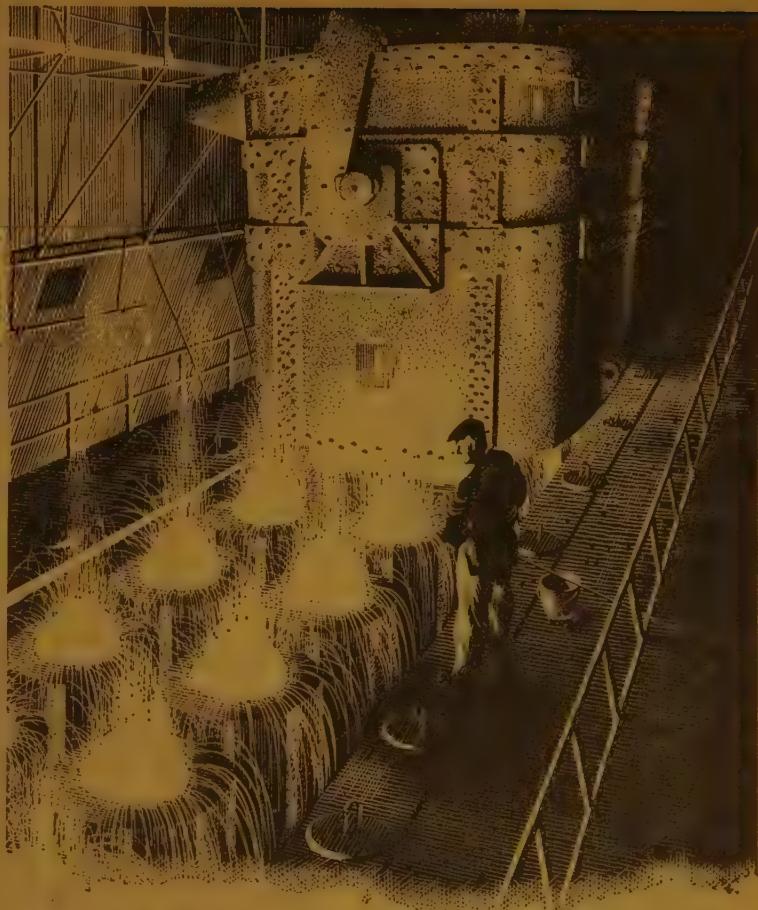
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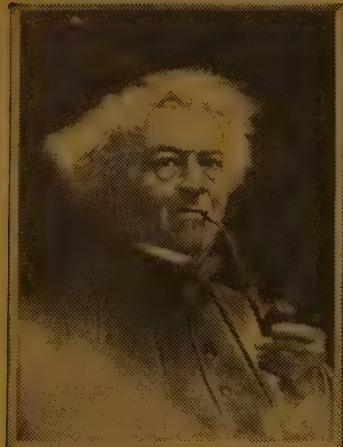
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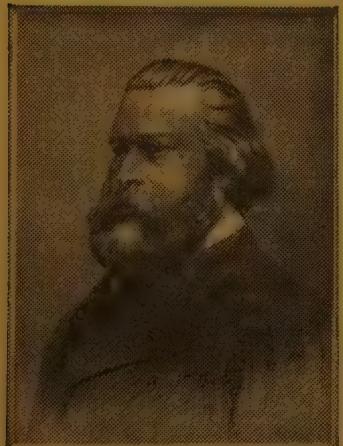
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# The American Renaissance

The Penguin Book of Modern American Verse  
Edited by Geoffrey Moore. Penguin Books. 3s. 6d.

THIS ANTHOLOGY IS, in the words of its blurb, 'designed to introduce the non-American reader to the range and variety of [modern] American poetry'. Its editor is a young English writer who has recently spent four years in the United States, mainly devoted to university lecturing. He was thus able to see clearly what was required by the English reader in this field and at the same time to have the necessary access to his sources. The latter was a most important qualification—even at this late date too little American poetry of the present century has been published here, and for that reason this collection is all the more valuable. But, additionally, Mr. Moore has a most judicious taste, a discerning sympathy, and has consequently produced one of the very few creative and wholly satisfactory anthologies of verse published since the 'thirties.

It starts with Emily Dickinson, then jumps to Edwin Arlington Robinson, and in the end includes fifty-eight poets. But because of the sureness of Mr. Moore's choice this broad range does not lead to scrappiness and aimlessness—indeed, it strikingly brings out the unrivalled seriousness and invention of the poetic period it covers. Mr. Moore is never afraid of including the much-anthologised poem where he believes it to be among its author's best—Allen Tate's 'Ode to the Confederate Dead', for example—but clearly he has always gone for his material to the poets' own volumes, not other collections, and in only one case perhaps—that of Kenneth Fearing—will the reader feel acutely that further exploration and a different selection would have been to the book's advantage. Usually, Mr. Moore has an unerring judgment for memorable but unhackneyed poems, and time and again the gratified eye lights on long-valued and brilliant lines:

Keep in the heart the journal nature keeps;  
Mark down the limp nasturtium leaf with frost;  
See that the hawthorn bough is ice-embossed,  
And that the snail, in season, has his grief;

for instance, and:

Of Van Wettering I speak, and Averill,  
Names on a list, whose faces I do not recall  
But they are gone to early death, who late in school  
Distinguished the belt feed lever from the belt holding pawl.

Mr. Moore has not confined himself to selection: as well as a general introduction (which is clear and comprehensive, though its terms of the Whitman, Poe and Emily Dickinson 'traditions' are carried past the point of useful illumination) he prefaches each poet's work with a biographical, bibliographical and critical note. These are quite excellent, notably in their brief, lively but always fair evaluations. The quality of Mr. Moore's response may be shown by quoting from his remarks about two writers whose work is notoriously difficult to place. E. E. Cummings: 'he can convey an emotion, even if it is only a simple one, skilfully and poignantly and I find that whatever my own or others' critical strictures, I always go back to Cummings' verse with delight'. Peter Viereck: his 'poetic manner, which is sometimes a little irritating, seems to be merely the result of a natural exuberance and an awareness that . . . the non-specialists whom he hopes will read his poetry . . . are not so intelligent as he is'.

The reviewer of an anthologist must always speak of omissions, but Agee, Wheelwright, Prokosch (and a few other names almost on that level could be added) may only be mentioned tentatively, for it seems certain that Mr. Moore carefully considered them before rejecting them, and no serious harm has been done by his decision. As for the poetry itself, there can be no question of its high achievement: it is truly representative of what has surely been one of the most remarkable periods of poetry written in English. For the reader living in these islands the American approach and vision will sometimes seem too alien, too far removed from significant experience, to make the fullest impact, but where it does strike home it will open new poetic worlds and possibilities:

An object among dreams, you sit here with your shoes off  
And curl your legs up under you; your eyes  
Close for a moment, your face moves towards sleep . . .  
You are very human.

But my mind, gone out in tenderness,  
Shrinks from its object with a thoughtful sigh.  
This is a waist the spirit breaks its arm on.  
The gods themselves, against you, struggle in vain.

This broad low strong-boned brow; these heavy eyes;  
These calves, grown muscular with certainties;  
This nose, three medium-sized pink strawberries  
—But I exaggerate.

This is the beginning of 'A Girl in a Library' by Randall Jarrell—only one of several poets an English publisher ought to be happy to risk losing money on.

ROY FULLER

## Quest in Sicily

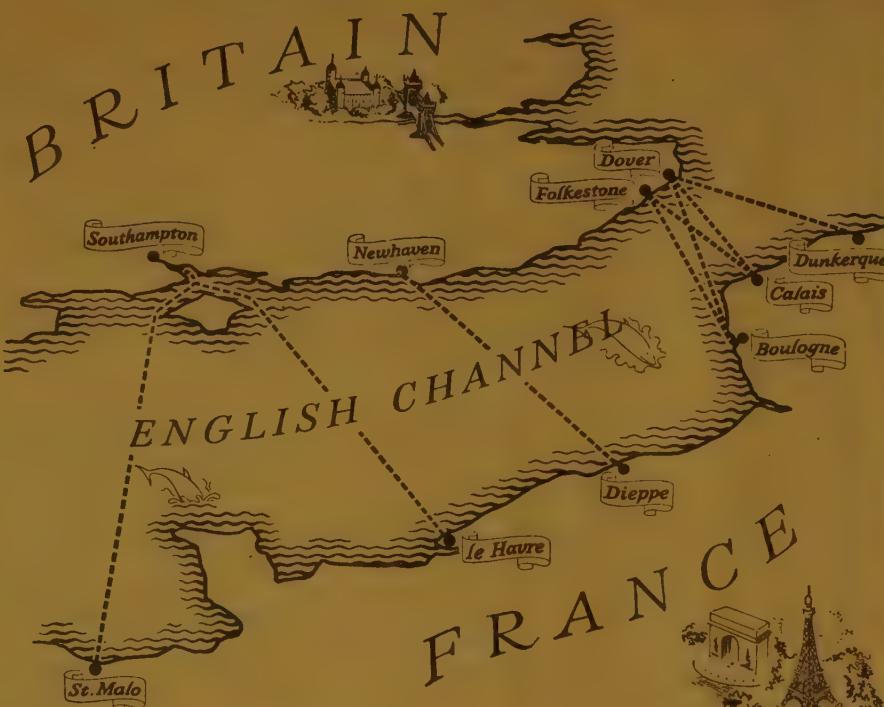
The Golden Honeycomb. By Vincent Cronin.  
Rupert Hart-Davis. 16s.

THIS IS THE PLEASANTEST BOOK about Sicily that I have read since Mr. Peter Quennell's *Sicilian Spring* last year. Like Mr. Quennell, Mr. Cronin has a gift for seeing vividly and describing precisely and with imagination; his pictures of Taormina, the Palermo churches and mosaics, the Greek temples, and the country scene, are beautiful in detail and imagery; he really apprehends and imparts, and enhances memory.

Whether the honeycomb improves or detracts from his book is another matter. It is the peg on which the book is hung, the hub round which the wheel revolves, the thread which leads its author through his explorations, and it does supply unity, but also a shade of monotony; the fact is that we get rather too lavish a surfeit of this honeycomb, which crops up on all occasions, often with some irrelevance. The thought of the honeycomb supposedly presented by Daedalus to the Aphrodite temple at Eryx, has taken possession of Mr. Cronin's romantic imagination (and one is all for romantic imagination, without which good travel books cannot be written) and rather obsessed it. All he sees provides evidence for its literal or symbolic existence in some form or another; one gets the feeling that one could do this with any object, even Phalaris' brazen bull. Further, though this is a small and pedantic point, surely what Mr. Cronin should actually have been looking for was a golden ram; the text of Diodorus which made it a honeycomb seems now to be less regarded. One may, if one prefers, opt for the honeycomb, but reasons for this choice should be given; Mr. Cronin does not even mention the ram.

One wonders how this slight difference in objective would have changed the book; possibly not much; one feels confident that Mr. Cronin would have found similar evidence all about the island for the ram, and might in the last chapter have discovered it deep in a rocky cleft, as he discovered the honeycomb at Pantalica; 'inaccessible for all time within the rock'; whether an artefact of gold made by Daedalus or an artefact of wax made by bees can never, he says, be proved by touch. Though if he revisits Pantalica in a year or two, he might see whether it is still there: wax honeycombs do not last for ever. And if it is inaccessible to human hands, how did human hands deposit it there? There is a somewhat phoney quality in this discovery; the quest itself can pass muster as a search for a pattern of decoration of which the honeycomb is an archetype or symbol, but this concrete discovery does not do, it raises too many questions. Had it been a golden ram, unmanufacturable by bees, the discovery would have been odder but more satisfactory.

But one cannot grudge the honeycomb, so ubiquitously emerging, as in the gold mosaics of the Capella Palatina, where the tesserae are 'pressed home in a predetermined pattern . . . the exact equivalent of the cells in a honeycomb. The conclusion is . . . that Daedalus' honeycomb . . . set the pattern for this building'. I am not sure in what sense Mr. Cronin means us to take this; a slightly intoxicated mystic vagueness dissolves him when the honeycomb turns up, in contrast to the delicate exactitude of his visual descriptions: 'Just as Adam involved all mankind in his acceptance of the apple' [surely, by the way, our ancestors' tremendous error was the consumption of some more potent and sinister fruit than the dull and wholesome pippin, for which there is no scriptural warrant], 'so, too, perhaps, Daedalus committed all Sicilian art in his choice of gold as a material and a honeycomb as his model. His masterpiece stands high like a subsidiary sun, wherever possible calling forth from art a reflection of itself . . .'. It proves always possible, not only in a mosaiced apse, which is 'a reincarnation' ('repetition' would be more accurate) 'on the grand scale of Daedalus' work', and in Noto, 'a honeycomb of



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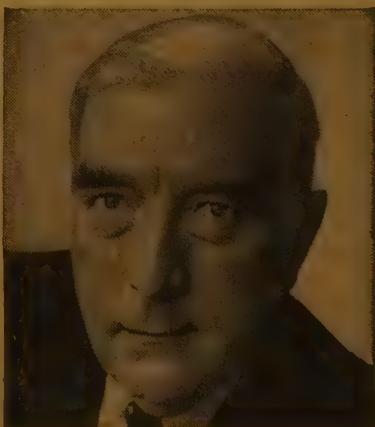
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golden stone', but even in dark medieval Enna, where there is no gold, but 'identification nearly always takes place by contrast: the gold seam stands out not in a mountain of metal, but against dark ore'.

One must admire the engaging determination of Mr. Cronin as a gold-seeker. He inspires one with a desire to search Sicily for Daedalus' many other artefacts; he deposited his wings at Cumae, where he landed after his flight from Crete, but somewhere in Sicily there should be a folding chair, and a good number of statues and other ingenious objects: 'all the works of this artist were uncouth to look at', says Pausanias, but it would be delightful to look at them. Alas, Diodorus tells us that even in his day they had perished because of the long time which had elapsed, and this would seem to go for the ram-honeycomb too. Here is a golden opportunity for fakers; Norman Douglas could have written a delicious novel round it.

Whatever we think of the honeycomb motif, this book is admirable in description. Perhaps it is a pity that description is interrupted by chunks of informative history. History, in this kind of book, should be allusive rather than documentary, a reference to things assumed to be known, rather than information imparted. Diodorus, for instance, is perhaps too famous to be introduced as 'a historian who lived shortly before Christ'. Here, as elsewhere, Mr. Cronin's style occasionally lapses into the commonplace. But it comes to life (a life never over-decorated or over-written, but expressive and sometimes beautiful) in dealing with places, and it is for this that one values the book. If it needed the fabled honeycomb to inspire all this, one cannot but be glad of it, even if the honey sometimes gets out of hand and overflows.

ROSE MACAULAY

## Seven English Epics

**The English Epic and its Background.** By E. M. W. Tillyard. Chatto and Windus. 25s.

EDGAR ALLAN POE, following a hint from Coleridge, thought that an epic poem was a contradiction in terms and that the best we can hope for is a number of good passages connected by others which are not so good. It is indeed true that epic poetry is no longer regarded as the highest achievement of man and that our younger poets do not dream of its glories. Yet for some it has a special fascination. It introduces so much more than the narrower scope of other poetry can contain, and it raises nice questions of tradition and structure and outlook. Dr. Tillyard, who is well known for his searching and sympathetic criticism of Milton, has long given his attention to the epic and in this book presents some of his ripe results.

He follows an original plan. For him the epic is not so much a matter of form as of temper, and he analyses what this temper is before he makes his choice of material. When the choice comes, we may be a little surprised, since it consists of *Piers Plowman*, *The Faerie Queene*, Sidney's *Arcadia*, *Paradise Lost*, Bunyan's *The Holy War*, Pope's *Iliad*, and Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*. The purists of course will quarrel with this and say that what can be found in common between these seven works is accidental and unimportant. But Dr. Tillyard is to be congratulated on the firmness with which he pursues his idea and the skill with which he works it out. At the end of reading this book any fair-minded reader must admit that this mixed assembly presents a kind of coherence and unity and that the study of these seven works really tells us something important about the development of English literature. They all have the high seriousness, the amplitude, the controlled exuberance, and what Dr. Tillyard calls the 'choric' element, which he postulates as indispensable to this class of writing. No doubt if we wish, we could add to his list, or take exception to this or that point made by him, but in the main he has established a position which will enable us to read his seven works with a new attention.

If this is the framework of Dr. Tillyard's book, he adds much to it. As we might expect, what he says about Milton is admirably balanced and penetrating, but no less admirable are his comments on his other heroes, though perhaps Gibbon is not entirely familiar in this new presentation of him. It is good to see Spenser treated as a serious thinker and Sidney as the great Humanist that he was. Dr. Tillyard, accustomed to the austere atmosphere of the fens, appreciates more than most the spirit of Puritanism and is fully at home with Bunyan.

The seven heroes are set against an ample background which begins rightly with Homer and contains figures so diverse as Vida, Camoens,

Davenant, Clarendon, and Fénelon. Dr. Tillyard writes with considerable independence on the Latin epic, and skilfully summarises the faults and the virtues of Lucan. He even faces some of the intricate problems raised by the *Aeneid*, and if we feel that his account is incomplete, we cannot complain that he does not know what the problems are. This rich background does much to put the seven English writers in a sensible perspective and to emphasise their variations from tradition as well as their debt to it. This is a brave book.

C. M. BOWRA

## Prairie Radical

**The Man from Main Street: Selected Essays and Other Writings of Sinclair Lewis.** Edited by Harry E. Maule and Melville H. Cane, assisted by P. A. Friedman. Heinemann. 15s.

THE INEVITABLE BIOGRAPHER might follow a worse design than that of the editors of these miscellaneous pieces Sinclair Lewis wrote for papers, magazines and himself between 1904 and 1950. They let the protagonist sketch the story, branching back and forth in time from the high moment when, a world-famous novelist, he thanked the Nobel Prize committee for their recognition, in honouring him, of American letters: the recognition, as he said, by the Europe of Mann, Wells, Hamsun, d'Annunzio and Rolland of the America of Dreiser, Faulkner, O'Neill, Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Frost and Willa Cather. From that curiously remote moment in literary history, it reaches back to his boyhood in a one-Ford town on the wheat-plains of Minnesota, the red-haired son of a country doctor in an America still Mark Twain's; and forward through years of declining reputation to a wry little obituary he wrote of himself in 1941, admitting that he was half-forgotten in an America now John Marquand's.

How did the author of *Babbitt* rise to that moment in Stockholm, and why did the author of *World So Wide*, the last novel he finished before his death in 1951, descend so steeply from it? Lewis' occasional essays and prefaces have the same virtues and drawbacks which made his novels what they were; they are unrepentant journalism, personal, rapid, readable, and as dated as auction bridge. Slangily, sceptically, he chronicles a Yale vacation spent tending the boiler at Upton Sinclair's short-lived socialist utopia, Helicon Hall; angrily, with frank muckraking gusto, he reports on a strike in a Carolina mill-town. He is sentimental about early newspaper days in Sauk Centre and San Francisco, caustic as a city editor about writers who spoil a straight story with worrying about 'style'. He calls one piece 'Novelist Bites Art'. Several times his editors point out affectionately that on vexed questions of the day—women's rights, *Lady Chatterley*, Should Novels be Dramatised?—he takes precisely the opposite of the expected, conventional attitude. Except for Sunday journalists, it is a dubious commendation to have a mind one jump ahead of the current cliché.

But in the novels Lewis showed that he knew this. *Main Street* and *Babbitt* are not merely games of hunt-the-cliché; they are comedies in which the clichés which hunt men down assume the tragic proportions of a modern destiny. Humanist as well as sociologist, he tried to isolate and praise the free personalities of his creations behind the hedges of their roles and Rotarian respectabilities; the personalities they themselves could express, other than in clichés, only by squeals, burbles, yawps, and camping unshavenly in the woods. His essays are the trail of a man in flight from the dignity of being a Great Writer; here is the letter in which he refused to be bribed into the pack with a Pulitzer Prize, here a disgracefully funny attack on the morals, integrity and intelligence of Mr. Bernard DeVoto. Lewis' turning-point was not Stockholm, but *Dodsworth*, when he realised that not only Zenith society, but society itself, was the trap.

It is as pointless to say of Lewis that America left him behind as it would be of Thoreau, except that the prairie radical in him who refused to be an artist refused to be a recluse either. This is still the American predicament, and that, perhaps, is why her present artists have failed to explain her abroad. Lewis knew his successors were better writers than he; but none of them is likely to present us with the political companion-piece to *Elmer Gantry*, savage, comic, and shrilly partisan, all about a power-hungry young Irishman from Minnesota who by somewhat misrepresenting his war-record managed to become a United States senator.

RONALD BRYDEN

# CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

## Television Broadcasting DOCUMENTARY

### Can It Be Denied?

LENT HAVING COME AGAIN, I considered the seemliness of doing without television as an act of self-denial. Not much reflection was needed to convince me that eyes would benefit more than soul. Last week, for example, there was nothing



The National Hunt Steeplechase at Cheltenham, televised on March 3: 'That's the Spirit', ridden by Mr. J. Daniell, clearing the water jump. He finished second

in the programmes that I should grievously have regretted not seeing. 'The Royal Plate', 'Fashions for Spring', Emlyn Williams on St. David's Day, 'Conversation Piece', from Oxford, 'Panorama', racing at Cheltenham, 'Inventors' Club', 'Animal, Vegetable, Mineral?'—little there to reinforce the confidence required to face one's intellectual friends with the pronouncement, behold, this is good, this is *it*. Parvenu though the intellect is in human history, one can understand its aloofness towards an instrument of culture that is used with so little discrimination as television. Behind the activities of B.B.C. television there is somewhere an ideal as well as a policy: we should not doubt it. But in function documentary television is committed to an Isocratic smattering process which the intellect cannot respect. Equally hard to accept is the obtuseness which will not concede that, even so, for a multitude of people television means more consciousness, an enlargement of experience, more life.

A just criticism to be made of  $x$  per cent. of the programmes is that they have no more than a visual relationship with the viewer, that they are of the stuff of peepshow. There is one programme which blandly transcends that objection, 'Inventors' Club', which last week put before us its five-hundredth invention, an ingenious new typewriter. In its almost comically humdrum way, 'Inventors' Club' makes us partners in an undertaking of social importance, if only because it reminds us that the man we see every day on the 9.15 and never speak to may be a genius.

When I first saw the programme, three or four years ago, it seemed like a spent impulse from the self-help phase of Victorian morality. The inventions were dull, the inventors grimly monosyllabic, the production somehow tired. A friendly voice over my shoulder told me that my comments here put me on record within the precincts as the only critic who has noticed the programme unfavourably. In fact, I said that it was 'intrinsically worth while'. But I did not

think much of the presentation: 'half-hearted, apologetic', again quoting from memory. For a programme exploiting enterprise, 'Inventors' Club' curiously continues to lack that quality, that thrust.

'Conversation Piece', from Oxford, began with a dithering of dons and ended in triumph over self-consciousness, which at first had made one fear disaster. The opening gambit, Shakespeare, was sheepishly taken and one had the feeling that the programme could not possibly hold out for its allotted twenty minutes. Hold out Cecil and A. L.

it did, with Lord David Rowse neck-and-neck in a final flourish what-Oxford-means-to

me theme. Those of us who had looked to John Betjeman to assist in justifying this trespass on the Oxford privacies were singularly disappointed, nor were we vouchsafed as much as a Chaucerian syllable from Nevill Coghill. The notion that good talk can thrive in front of a television camera is perhaps ingenuous. All those taking part in this programme were obviously going to be mightily relieved when it was over, which argues the futility of the basic premise. That the Oxford name and fame were embellished by this well-meant exhibitionism I cannot pretend to believe.

There were no visual ravishments in 'The Royal Plate'. One admired, unenthusiasti-

cally, the ornate craftsmanship of these table pieces from Buckingham Palace, while querying the need for the commentating voice to be pitched in the key of reverence. In the pin-drop pauses I had an unmannerly wish that a faint far-off snatch of 'Waltzing Matilda' might drift in as background music.

Whether televised dress shows are much man-watched no one seems to know; the women viewers whose tastes are available for sampling by me personally rarely seem deeply interested, though I may be naive in thinking it strange. My bump of inquisitiveness becomes full-orbed with questions when I look at these shows. What is a mannequin paid? Are there mannequin families? Do they spend their time off in front of mirrors, balancing books on their heads, in beauty parlours, at the dietician's, putting their feet up, hip-flaunting? The life-cycle of a mannequin, that would be worth televising, yes?

REGINALD POUND

## DRAMA

### You are a Camera

GEOGRAPHY IS ABOUT MAPS and history is about chaps and television, even its weather charts these days, is about people's personalities. Yet the degree to which personality passes through the camera and out into our homes remains one of the enduring mysteries. Some extremely 'strong' personalities do not seem to travel at all: we see them, often painfully close, 'being strong'; yet we see only a dim reflection. Other quite unpractised, spontaneous personalities come jumping over, at a strength which their possessors evidently do not themselves realise. This is further complicated in the case of actors who are, in the jargon, 'projecting their personalities' in the belief that their performance is being picked up by a camera some yards away, when this 'performance of their



As seen by the viewer: 'Conversation Piece' on March 2, with Nevill Coghill (seated, centre), John Betjeman, and Lord David Cecil (standing). Right: a model in 'Fashions for Spring' on March 1



Two shots from 'The Torrent Duck' on March 6: left, drawing by Peter Scott; right, Torrent Ducks in a courting dance

Photographs: John Cure



'Fifty-Fifty', on March 2, with (left to right, facing camera) Richard Caldicot as Daniel Dawson, Harry Green as Joe Bauer, and Mark Daly as Albert Biggleswade

lives' is really being viewed by the millions from a position four inches to the right of their left ear-hole.

Last week, the personality parade including a number of—if I dare so put it—old faces. There was Emlyn Williams putting spells on us for St. David's Day; there was Miss Cornelia Otis Skinner, who is highly professional at portraying not only her own personality but that of upwards of fifty or sixty other ladies; there were two much-liked comedians, Harry Green repeating a performance of himself in a recent stage success and Jack Hulbert recalling, as Ambrose Applejohn, what I can only faintly remember as Sir Charles Hawtrey in the role. And there was that virtuoso of the *zapateado*, Antonio.

I approached Mr. Williams with anxiety, remembering that though I had been spellbound in the theatre by his Dickens readings, I had not found these impressive on the television screen. But I think that was only because they were planned for communal listening, for an audience on which he unconsciously played for his effects. Lacking that, everything fell slightly flat: as though he were rehearsing to himself in a mirror. This time, however, he had something addressed in the first instance as much to himself as to any solitary onlooker; and the result was entirely successful.

Miss Otis Skinner—who had been severely criticised for not being either French or British and making Toulouse-Lautrec's *La Goulue* say things like 'Gee, I'll never make the *Moulin* tonight'—had a nice little outing in 'Panorama', which I hope fills the theatre for her. She is a mistress of mimicry even as Miss Ruth Draper is, or Miss Grenfell. Yet the little less, and how much it is! I have often been carried by her impersonations in the theatres, by some at least if not all the wives of Henry VIII—an idea perhaps more irresistible to Americans than to Briddishers—but I have also caught myself noticing the mechanics of her method. Miss Skinner is a charming person and a considerable personality; the latter most certainly came over in the rather nervous interview with Lionel Hale afterwards, which ran on the usual 'wonderful London, wonderful policemen' lines. But I cannot say I thought her impersonations as such projected very palpably on to my quite reasonably hospitable hearth. Her proprietress of a

beauty salon now—but were those 'English' vowel sounds not a little too heightened, and did one quickly enough distinguish between one character and another as she switched from one to the other? Well, not when the cameras had also decided to switch views, not at the strategic moment when Miss Skinner stepped from one skin to another, but a few seconds after she had transkinned herself.

Some of my colleagues appear to have been exasperated by the loud laughter of the invited audience at Tuesday's 'Fifty-Fifty'. But was it not nice that someone was enjoying it? I further report that a lot of people, beside Mr. Harry Green himself and the invited audience, did

want to remember Sunday night's effort, much beyond Thursday's repeat. The play itself seemed to have, at best, a paper-hat, charade jollity: weak and flimsy. Mr. Hulbert, however, gave a cheery account of Mr. Hulbert, which was entertaining, if hardly thrilling.

Antonio and his partner, who danced with a fine frenzy of heel taps and snapping fingers, were tremendously cluttered with picturesque trappings. I see that this kind of thing needs a studio audience to cry *Olé*, but the old arty bohemia of the *café* decor was a handicap. However, personality blazed forth from the fiercely engaged couple. They looked like furious, courting macaws—one expected them to let out squawks.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

#### Sound Broadcasting

#### DRAMA

#### A Set of Folk-Tunes

THE PRODUCER of 'The Laughing Widow' (Home) chose for his music Devon folk-tunes played on the melodeon. That seems to me to be as apt a description of the piece as we could have. The author, Eden Phillpotts, now in his gay nineties, is still considering the matrimonial ways of the Dartmoor world. This little comedy should be another useful textbook for dramatists who seek to write the Devon speech, and who are afraid of losing themselves in some sludge of clotted dialect as soggy as a Dartmoor 'mire'. The joy of the Phillpotts plays is their refusal to dig themselves a dialect grave; the truth of their speech is in the shape, the run, of a sentence. It is, with its grasp of idiom and cadence, speech freshened by the honey-drift of the moorland airs; and it comes far more gratefully to the ear than the usual desperate convoluted patter: 'They girbles be a-chawpin' in the blowst', or jargon equally incredible.

This gentle play, then, never tortured its hearers. Eden Phillpotts has the radio voice. There is nothing much of a plot, but that does not matter. Ceasing to look for artful kinks, all we need to do is to sit back and listen to the Devon voices in their anecdote of the pleasantly named Packhorse Bridge and Bellaford thirty years ago. A farmer would a-wooing go—now



Antonio in a traditional Spanish dance on March 7

enjoy it. Owing to a mistiming on my part, happily coinciding with a mistiming on the part of someone at the other end, I witnessed the latter part of the jolly, if rather protracted, comedy, which we saw a few years ago in London, in a public place not to be called a vegetarian restaurant. The patrons were in fits. I enjoyed watching them almost more than watching the play, but the point to be made is that Harry Green certainly portrayed Harry Green with undiminished success. When he also turned up some minutes later in a game called 'The Name's the Same' I caught myself muttering something about enough being as good as a feast, but that, too, was a sort of tribute to the strength of his personality.

'Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure' stays in my mind for my father's patience (and no doubt that of the circumambient audience) in explaining the jokes to me, a tender child taken to see Hawtrey. I doubt if anyone will



Rona Anderson as Poppy Faire and Jack Hulbert as Ambrose in 'Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure' on March 7

where have we heard that before?—and a widow lives in her shop beyond a tinkling door-bell. It is merely a tale of two couples, with a Chorus named Job. Following this rural quintet, we stroll quietly through the rites. 'You can't rush Providence, and 'tis vain for you to try', says someone. Very true: it means that all will come right at the last, and that we shall leave Bellaford remembering these folk-tunes on a melodeon and wondering once more at Phillipps' charm as he surveys his demi-paradise. The cast, directed by Hugh Stewart, had the tones of Dartmoor; Angela Baddeley, as the laughing widow, went west with a quiet enjoyment.

There is, somewhere, an old-and-crusted Phillipps veteran who observes: 'The grave be a very cheerful state in my judgment—but for the getting there'. He would be echoed by Jeremy Throgg, that old salt in 'The Nantucket Legend' (Light). In the matter of salt, this should be taken with an entire cellar. Jeremy, a stubborn Nantucket type, has resolved to die and to be buried in a grave next to his wife's in the garden. But though he is able to die, he won't lie down. That is why the new owner of the house (whose purchase has precipitated Jeremy's death), telephones in wrath to the vendor: 'You didn't tell me, when you sold me the property, that there was an old man standing in a grave in the backyard'. Jeremy becomes the Nantucket Zombie. Reporters hurry over to ask him: 'As the only dead man living today, what is your opinion of the Hereafter?' This is amiably ghoulish fun; but George Lefferts, the author, and Charles Hatton, who has adapted the piece for radio, lose grip. Thanks to a deplorable child called Cindy, we get 'all treacle up', as a critic said of 'Pollyanna'. Only Macdonald Parke as Jeremy, who at the end of the play is dead indeed, now survives in memory.

Old hands again in 'Amphitryon'—Dryden's comedy and the first of three versions of the legend in the Third Programme's Amphitryon festival. I am something of a skeleton at this feast, for the tale of Jupiter's seduction of Alcmena—with Hercules as the outcome—has never appeared to me to be more than mildly comic. However, Dryden's version, produced with zest by Peter Watts, peels the chestnut as neatly as we can wish. Relentlessly, the sportive gods betray the foolish mortals in a kind of high-level comedy of errors; and on radio the play whipped along at the speed of the hard-driving Jupiter. Valentine Dyall as seducing Jove, and John Wyse as the cuckolded soldier, had each a sonorous gusto. Avice Landone, as the waiting-woman ('I could dance all day to the melody of chink-chink'), sounded—let us say—like folk-tunes on a flute.

In its fashion, I suppose, 'Three Men on a Horse' (Home) is a folk-tune: I leave you to choose the instrument. It is a rapid American farce, by John Cecil Holm and George Abbott, that manages to be consistently and inventively comic. Here is the little Mother's Day rhymester-cum-racing oracle from Ozone Heights (N.J.), who is taken in hand by three punters with the craziest results. Archie Campbell touched the piece along briskly: his cast, led by Warren Stanhope and ripely accented, never lost breath. This is not much like 'The Mill on the Floss' (Home). The new Sunday night serial will show whether we are still in tune with George Eliot. The introduction, under Wilfrid Grantham—and with those difficult children—was never off the note. But there are eleven instalments to go.

J. C. TREWIN

## THE SPOKEN WORD

### Grave and Gay

THERE WAS SOME unusually good talking at various levels last week and the two most important talks, on similar themes and mutually

illuminating, were given within an hour and a half of each other on Wednesday evening, no doubt as a result of liaison between the Third Programme and Home Service. In the earlier, called 'Illusion or Disillusion', on the Third, John Seymour, who has recently spent a year in various parts of India, described his reaction to the thought and the way of life he found there. A note in *Radio Times* described Mr. Seymour as a materialist, whereas in his talk he called himself an agnostic—not, I should have thought, the same thing by a long chalk. Mr. Seymour contrasted the Indian attitude to life, as exemplified in the teaching of Gandhi, with that of the industrial west.

I found it an enthralling talk and I am glad to see that it is to be repeated. I can't say it converted me, but that is because I have never been an enthusiast for the western way, although I have taken advantage of the many conveniences it supplies—conveniences which, as I have had occasion to note, have a way of letting us down when we most need them. But what particularly pleased me in the talk was that it made the Indian attitude appear incontrovertibly, as it seemed to me, not only the nobler and more human but actually the more reasonable. (I refer not to the Christian but the industrial west.) We hear much nowadays of progress and efficiency, but little of progress towards what and efficiency for what.

The talk which followed on the Home Service was the first of a series called 'Faith and Life: a study in World Religions'. In a foreword in *Radio Times* Canon C. E. Raven tells us that each speaker has been asked to show how his religion deals with three attitudes to life—escape from life, exploitation of life, and redemption or transformation of life. In this opening talk Sardar K. M. Panikkar gave a clear and orderly exposition of Hinduism. For the Hindu all things are of God, the universal soul of which each individual soul is a part, but each worshipper endows God with the attributes of his own choice as, for instance, the mother, a child, or even a lover. I assume, though I don't remember that this was stated, that the attribution may change in accordance with the spiritual development of the worshipper. As in Christianity, there are those who escape by abandoning social life and mortifying the flesh, but this is not the orthodox attitude of Hinduism, which holds that life should be action dedicated to God. This promises to be an extremely interesting series of talks.

Home and Third each gave us also an outstanding talk of the lighter sort. In 'Basra' Lawson Steni provided rich entertainment in a vivid description of a journey to Basra, passing Abadan on the way. The delight of this talk lay in the precision with which Mr. Steni communicated the things seen, heard, felt, and smelt on the voyage up river and, later, in the city of Basra—the unbearable, steamy heat of the river, the snakes in the water whose bite kills you in thirty seconds (or was it minutes?), the monotonous colonnade of palms on either bank, the stench of concentrated pigsties that heralds Abadan from afar, and the tea-shops, Venetian canals, bright colours and spicy odours of Basra whose railway will eventually land you, after certain changes, on a platform at Victoria Station. All this was told, and greatly enhanced in the telling, by the tone of gentle and rather weary cynicism with which it was retailed.

On the Third, J. M. Richards in a talk called 'Venice Preserv'd: an architectural comedy of our times' comically described the storm raised by the proposed erection on the Grand Canal of a building designed by Frank Lloyd Wright. It was not only a very amusing talk but a nice piece of social satire into the bargain.

Colin Wills' forty-five-minute 'Report on the Canal Zone', in which he himself was the

narrator, was a first-rate piece of work which seemed to me to give both sides of the burning question with absolute impartiality. He began with a rapid historical survey from the days when Egypt was a part of the Ottoman Empire to the present time and he then described the present position, including a number of recordings in several of which some of the leaders of the present regime themselves gave their side of the dispute and freely expressed their feelings towards the British. I was surprised and reassured to learn from Egyptian speakers how much goodwill towards us still survives despite the present unhappy dilemma.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

## MUSIC

### Without Straw

IT HAS BEEN, on the musical quarter of this Hearth, the very Lucy of a week, in that I have found in the programmes (if I may make bold to alter the order of the poet's words) 'none to love, and very few to praise'. For representative of the 'untrodden ways', among which Wordsworth's young friend dwelt, we had a Spanish operetta, or *zarzuela*, Barbieri's 'El Barberillo de Lavapies'. Seen in a small Spanish theatre in company with an excited and redolent audience, which would take up the points and indulge in extemporised backchat with the actors, this kind of thing can make a splendid evening's entertainment. Presented 'cold', with no immediate flashes of understanding and wit between performers and listeners, the little piece fell rather flat. This is no reflection upon Geoffrey Dunn, who did all he could in the way of translation and production to make the thing go in English, or on the admirable cast, which included Maria Perilli, Bruce Boyce, and Marjorie Westbury (who seems able to sing any part, within her vocal range, from little Yniold to Mme. Defarge and make a success of it).

It was, I suppose, necessary to give us, as part of 'The Heritage of Spain', an example of this characteristic Spanish entertainment. I wonder, however, whether Messrs. Gerhard and Salter could not have found something more typically Spanish, with more of the rather blatant 'Flamenco' style in the music than this elegant piece, written by a man who was a learned musical historian as well as a purveyor of popular musical comedies. Much of the music resembled the contemporary Viennese operetta, and there were debts to Rossini. One would have liked something more earthy and flavoursome, even if it did taste crudely of garlic and oil.

The other opera of the week was Massenet's 'Werther', relayed from Sadler's Wells. This is a work of the same type as 'Eugene Onegin', of which we were given a single act a few weeks ago, that is, a domestic drama in the form of a 'conversation-piece', naturalistic in style. Comparison with Tchaikovsky's opera, which seems to me, more than the symphonies or the ballets, to be his greatest masterpiece, shows up the lack of musical substance in Massenet's, as well as the mawkishness of the libretto. Beside Onegin, Werther is a poor fish. Oh! I know he is the creation of the great Goethe, and that the original book drove dozens of desperate young men to shoot themselves. But in the cold light of the twentieth century his sorrows seem trivial and though Charlotte 'cutting bread-and-butter' has a certain period charm, it is difficult to take her motives (the vow to dead mother and so on) seriously. And poor Albert! No one ever spares a tear for him, just as no one subscribes to help the victims of cosh or forgery, but only to mitigate the penalties paid by the criminals.

Eugene Goossens, home for a visit from the Antipodes, has been in charge of the B.B.C.

Orchestra, and so continues during the current week. He is an omnificent conductor, turning his hand to anything and producing the right kind of result. No one could have been a more appropriate choice for the direction of the Henry Wood Birthday Concert. He not only began his career in Wood's orchestra, but has inherited his efficiency and wide range of interests. The Wednesday programme, of which only the first part was audible here, was well chosen to commemorate the enthusiastic advocate of Russian music, of Sibelius, of native worth (represented by the conductor's own Concertino for strings), as well as of the classics.

In the Third Programme Mr. Goossens offered us a less popular, though not a better, choice of works. The early symphony of Haydn (No. 22 in E flat) was delightful and was beautifully played. But neither Sul's Fantasy in G minor for violin and orchestra, nor Goossens's own Second Symphony made any great appeal to me. As a composer, Goossens suffers, perhaps, from the catholicity of his accomplishment as a conductor. His symphony suffers from an excessive richness of texture which tends to obscure its context.

An accomplished Danish pianist, Arne Skjold Rasmussen, introduced me to a Suite by

Nielsen, which owed a good deal to the example of Liszt, and did nothing to modify the growing conviction that, charming and fresh though much of his music is, Nielsen's stature as a composer has been overrated by some of my colleagues who, having discovered him, are, perhaps pardonably, inclined to magnify his merits.

Beside his contemporaries, Strauss and Delius, Elgar and Sibelius (whether you 'like' them or no), Nielsen seems rather small beer—not that small beer isn't a refreshing and enjoyable beverage in the right circumstances.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

## The Music of Herbert Murrill

By ALAN FRANK

Murrill's Second Cello Concerto will be broadcast at 8.0 p.m. on Wednesday, March 17 (Home Service)

WHEN Herbert Murrill died in 1952 at the age of forty-three, this country lost one of its most brilliantly gifted and versatile musicians. He was more than a composer: he was a shrewd critic and though he did not write much, what he did write expressed his views in prose that was a model of incisive clarity: he was a stimulating and original teacher and lecturer; an organist and pianist; and a remarkable administrator—through various appointments in the B.B.C. he rose to become its Head of Music and held this post until his death. One realises now, perhaps more than one did during his busy lifetime, how few such personalities we possess—personalities who combine a natural musicality, and a first-class technique in both theory and practice of music, with an acute and well-stocked intellect.

Had Murrill been more single-minded in the purpose of his professional career, had he elected to make his reputation purely as a composer, his output would of course have been higher and his modest status among English composers might well have shifted a degree or two up the scale. And yet I wonder: for Murrill would never have become an 'important' composer—the adjective has a slight connotation of the epic and the grand manner, and these were qualities entirely foreign to his make-up. His voice was a small though clear one in English composition. He knew its limitation and never attempted to boost it beyond its capacity.

As a result we find in his slender output no symphony—but as his only purely orchestral work, a set of terse, gay Hornpipes; no opera, unless one counts a short, strangely attractive, quasi-cabaret piece of his early days, entitled 'Man in Cage'. The story of this entertainment, by Geoffrey Dunn, is set in the fifteenth century and concerns a traveller who, because of his apparently crazy ideas—such as that the world is round—is imprisoned in a cage when he returns to his native seaport town. The music is stylistically Purcellian, idiomatically jazz: thus Dido's Lament becomes a blues. 'Man in Cage' would, I think, still be found attractive, and if the manuscript exists it might be worthy of television's attention. Similarly, we find no full-length piano works—but many shorter pieces and a particularly attractive, crisp Sonatina in three short movements, published posthumously; no large choral works or extended song cycles—but a handful of small vocal pieces, including two Herrick settings for voice and piano, 'A Thanksgiving to God, for his House' and 'To Musique, to becalme his Fever', also published posthumously, and surely among the finest of post-Warlock English songs.

His two most substantial works were his String Quartet of 1940 and his Second Cello Concerto of about ten years later. The Quartet is a four-movement work, over the first of which stands the shadow of Ravel. It is not the most original movement, but it is appealing and effective. The scherzo has a characteristic rhythmic bite to it, the slow movement a depth of feeling less commonly attributed to Murrill's music, while the finale shows, again characteristically, a strong element of the syncopation of sophisticated jazz: it is in C major with a recurrent use, again derived from jazz, of a flattened third and flattened seventh. The work poses no problems and, immaculately dressed as it is, it wears well among its sterner competitors in the field of modern English quartets.

The Cello Concerto has fewer competitors. Surprisingly, if one considers the relative smallness of Murrill's total output, it was his second essay in this form; his evident liking for the cello is additionally shown by the fact that he wrote several other pieces for cello and piano, including a Capriccio of 1932, one of his earliest published works, which has as its middle movement an enchanting aria-cum-blues! The First Cello Concerto was also an early work, written when he was in his mid-twenties. Its main interest was in the orchestration, which was laid out for eight solo players (strings and wind) who were seated around the soloist and distinct from the main body of the orchestra. Murrill's intention was clearly to use the small solo group of players mainly for accompanying the cello, and the full orchestra in tutti passages.

Later the composer decided to withdraw the work entirely and the present Second Cello Concerto has no connection with it. This work was the last he completed. It was first performed with his wife, Vera Canning (a pupil of Casals), as soloist, at a Henry Wood Birthday Promenade Concert, almost exactly three years ago: the work was commissioned by the Henry Wood Concert Society. The dédicace is 'To Pau Casals, in respect and affection'. A traditional Catalan tune which Casals brought to Murrill's attention dominates the work: it is the tune called 'El Cant dels Ocells' (Song of the Birds).

The orchestra for which it is scored is normal and the problem which assailed him in writing the First Cello Concerto has been overcome by seldom using the full force of the orchestra, though throughout the scoring is colourful and certainly not thin. The form is unusual and demonstrates Murrill's liking for concision. It is in one movement only, lasting some sixteen minutes, but all the normal characteristics of four movements of a concerto have been epitomised within this one-movement framework.

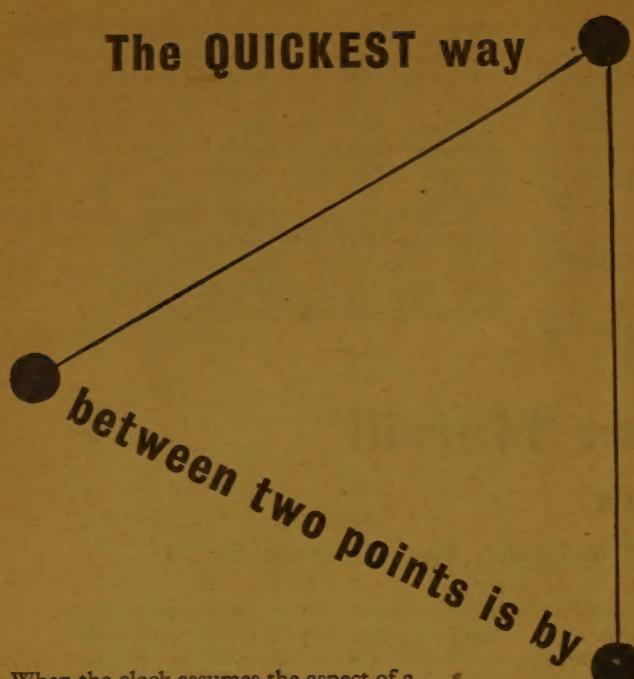
The four sections thus correspond to first movement, scherzo, slow movement and finale.

Though the earlier influence of jazz and music-hall is absent from this work, yet in the opening, preludial rising figures of the first section we find again, as in the finale of the String Quartet, evidence of the flattened third and seventh of popular music. Once more the key is C major and the alternation of E natural and flat gives a feeling of false relation and vacillation between major and minor. False relation is also to be found in a passage of minor sixths in the second-subject group played by the cello.

The three-four scherzo section is very soon reached, perhaps too soon, and during it we hear the first hint, on clarinet, of the Catalan tune mentioned above. The full statement of this most haunting tune, which Murrill has beautifully harmonised, opens the slow movement, indeed constitutes—in varied setting—the slow movement. It is first played, most strikingly, by the solo cello in its highest register, touching B above the treble stave, accompanied mostly by lower strings, with a short recurrent phrase for two horns in open fourths and fifths. The final section of the work shows an alternation of six-eight and three-four rhythms, and gradually assumes a more markedly Spanish character. There is a full climax when the preludial material of the opening is heard again in augmentation over a bolero-like rhythmic background. Just before the end there is a cadenza which is strictly based on the various thematic elements of the work.

Though Murrill never lived in and rarely visited Latin countries, his affections lay strongly in that direction. There is obvious French influence in much of his music, and it is not surprising to find him over the frontiers of Spain in this Cello Concerto. In his own musical tastes he admired modern French composers of the period between the two wars, while in English music he understandably liked the crispness and firmly defined lines of such a composer as Boyce. He was also a fervent enthusiast for Stravinsky's music, especially delighting in its economy of texture. The word 'economy' perhaps suggests a certain frugality and aseptic austerity, but there was nothing of this in Murrill's music. Apart from its clarity, vivacity, and polish, it displays, as in this Concerto, considerable warmth, but it is warmth without lushness. Limpid themes, clean harmonies, and the orderly and lucid arrangement of both: these appealed to him and were his ideals. They were the cardinal point in his own teaching of others, and in his own music he practised what he taught.

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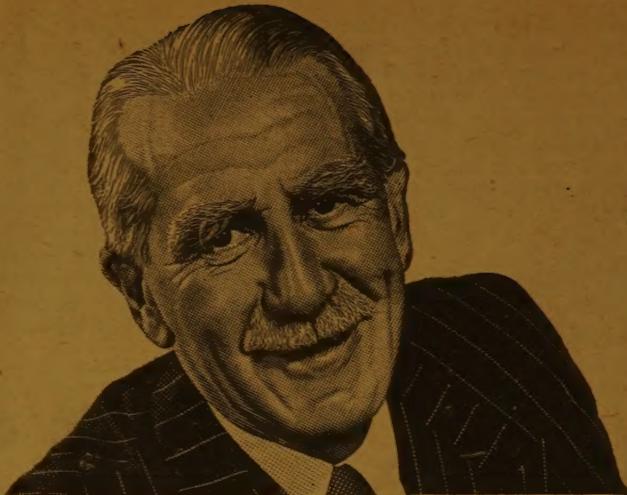
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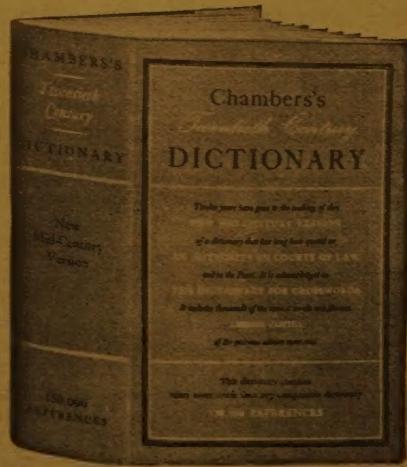


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For the Housewife

## Sprucing Up the House for Spring

By W. P. MATTHEW

ONE of the jobs that may have to be tackled during this year's spring cleaning is redecorating a stained ceiling after a burst in the loft.

There is a good deal of dirt and muck on the upper side of the plaster of the ceiling in lofts, and when water from a burst pipe soaks into it, it usually carries a black, sooty mark through on to the face of the ceiling. How to get rid of that, or to cover it up when redecorating? Sometimes you can simply wash it off when cleaning the ceiling in the ordinary way. If you cannot get rid of it in this way, it is not likely that ordinary ceiling distemper will completely cover it. The thing to do in this case is to give the dirty patch two thin coats of flat, white paint. Thin the paint out well with turpentine so that it penetrates the surface of the plaster as well as colouring it. Then, when the ceiling is finally distempered, the marks will not show.

From the ceiling to the floor—and floors that are stained but are now shabby. Hard-wood and parquet floors benefit from a rubbing with medium-grade steel wool. Use gloves, and dip the steel wool in a saucer of turpentine. Rub with the grain of the wood—that is, along the length of the boards or sections of parquet—and then wipe off with a clean, dry cloth. Badly stained floors may need re-surfacing, and there are firms which specialise in this work. Then, too, there are very effective liquids specially made for cleaning this type of floor.

Soft-wood floors which have been stained and have become worn in places where the tread is heaviest, usually respond well to strong soda water. Go all over the floor with a cloth soaked in this and let it be hot and strong. Wipe over afterwards with a cloth wrung out in clean, warm water. This should give you a colour slightly lighter than the original stain and with no gloss on it. The floor can then be polished, or given a coat of floor varnish.

Here are a few hints for the novice on the cleaning of decorations. Freshen ceilings by dusting with a soft broom with a clean duster wrapped round the head of it. Slight darkening over an electric-light fitting can often be patched up with a little fresh distemper, especially if you dab the edges of the wet distemper with the points of the bristles of the brush. That softens the edges so that they are not so conspicuous. You can treat dirty patches on distempered walls in the same way, if you can match the colour.

For freshening wallpaper, use a clean duster to begin with, and then a soft rubber eraser on dirty marks. Often the inch or two of paper round the light switch gets very grubby, and I think it is better to cover this up by cutting and pasting a sort of frame round the switch, and you can use a piece of narrow paper border for this. You can do the same round the fireplace surround if there are soot marks there. Little touches like this will often allow you to leave complete redecoration for another year. To freshen the colours of wallpaper there is nothing

to beat a hunk of bread with the crust cut off. Rub gently with a circular motion, cutting off a thin slice as the bread gets dirty.

## Notes on Contributors

RAYMOND ARON (page 407): political and diplomatic correspondent of *Le Figaro*

DONALD McLACHLAN (page 410): an assistant editor of *The Economist*

J. M. RICHARDS (page 419): joint editor of *The Architectural Review* since 1946, and member of the editorial board of *The Architects' Journal* since 1947; author of *The Castles on the Ground, An Introduction of Modern Architecture*, etc.

ERNEST NEWMAN (page 421): music critic of *The Sunday Times* since 1920; author of *The Life of Richard Wagner, Elgar*, etc.

JOHN SEYMOUR (page 425): author of *Round About India and The Hard Way to India*

ANTHONY RHODES (page 427): author of *The General's Summerhouse, A Sabine Journey, The Uniform*, etc.

E. A. R. ENNION (page 436): Director of Monks' House Bird Observatory and Field Research Station, Seahouses, Northumberland

B. W. ROBINSON (page 439): Assistant Keeper of the Metalwork Department of Victoria and Albert Museum and author of museum handbooks on 'Japanese Arms and Armour' and 'Persian Painting'

## Crossword No. 1,245.

## Whereabouts. By Rekab

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value, 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: First post on Thursday, March 18

Anagrams of the following have to be found and inserted (the positions of some are obvious): Acre, I assume?—Lucca air—Venice, coy slut!—O sly Rome!—Lo, Aden!—Dane's plea—A Rio root—A Spanish trip—Lord o' Pisa—Oslo hips—A Nice pill—A land car.

All single-word clues are anagrammatic: no clues are offered for 26A, 46A, 10D, 42D, 43D, 50D, 53D, but the letters of these lights form the solu-

tions to 16A and 44D, with RED RIM remaining. All punctuation is to be ignored, and one accent omitted.

## CLUES—ACROSS

- Of better blood than his etymological descendant (5).
- Silvery-white metal silk hat is capable of moving (6).
- Niger (5).
- Have the blanks gone? What's left or wasted? (7).
- Aquatic—paradoxically—with a pin on its tail (5).
- English river (4).
- Early King (3).
- An Irish lake (3).
- Scottish title, unvowelled (4).
- Found in 42A (5).
- New Zealand bird (3).
- Coleridge's Immortals never did this alone (6).
- Leave me something, if it's only a tree (5).
- Lair (4).
- Lead (4).
- Sounds like a line, but may be missed or held (3).
- A French lake after a Chinese measure, and redolent (5).
- Master (6).
- Sandy battle? (5).
- Rather rough, either way (3).
- 38A perhaps, or so directed (5).
- Rumanian town (4).
- Former Spanish town (5).

## DOWN

- As does a robin-redbreast a love song (6).
- Swiss river (4).
- Jewish month (6).
- Lose (4).

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

## Solution of No. 1,243

I	N	V	Z	I	C	A	R	A	I	A	T	E
C	A	T	U	R	E	M	I	L	I	A	S	
E	R	E	T	O	P	P	L	E	A	N		
N	T	I	E	V	A	I	I	R	E	N		
S	A	M	M	E	R	O	N	A	T	E		
E	R	M	A	N	E	N	G	U	A	R		
E	R	E	A	V	E	R	O	W	N	E		
Q	E	R	X	E	S	E	N	I	U	M		
Q	U	E	S	T	R	T	A	D	A	S		
I	S	E	I	S	I	T	E	D	U	E		
R	E	A	V	E	N	E	R	E	A	T		
E	L	L	Y	B	Y	R	E	S	T	E		

## NOTES

Across.—9. Housman: 'Last Poems'; 11. Othello; 14. Free anag.; 19. Galsworthy: *Man of Property*; and anag. of *reinc.*; 24. King Lear'; 29. 'Hamlet'; 33. Donne; 38. (Pro)mise; 42. 'Hamlet'.

Down.—1. Coleridge: 'Kubla Khan'; 6. (T)oilers; 7. Keats; 13. (S)wanner(y); 28. Fitzgerald: 'Omar Khayyam'; 30. Collins: 'Death of Mr. Thomson'.

Prizewinners: 1st prize: M. L. Scott (Maidenhead); 2nd prize: Miss J. M. Keir (Dunfermline); 3rd prize: K. A. Redish (Bexleyheath).

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